The poster

November 14 – 20

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

ADVENTURES IN JAZZ – With well-known musicians. (Pargod, today at 1:30 p.m., Wednesday at 9:30 p.m.)

ALONE – Yitzhak (Churchill) Klepter presents his music. (Tzavta, tonight at 10 p.m.)

COMBO II PARGOD – Jazz-rock, hard bop. (Pargod, Wednesday at 9:30 p.m.)

DANCING TONIGHT – Avi Toledano's new programme. (Gerard Behar, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

HAGASHASH HAHIVER – Humour and satire. (Jerusalem Sherover Theatre, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

HEAT WAVE – Ted Cooper; Libby. Country, rock and soul. (Pargod, Monday at 9:30 p.m.)

JUKEY ARKIN AND HIS GROUP – Pantomime and jazz dance. (Pargod, tomorrow at 9:30 p.m.)

ON A LOW FLAME – Avner Strauss presents original guitar pieces, flamenco, jazz, songs. (Pargod, Thursday at 9:30 p.m.)

POETRY READING – Dennis Silk and Peter Cole (in English). (Ticho House, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

SOUTH AMERICAN MUSIC – Oscar Shor, Jean Claude Jumes. (Harmony House, Tuesday at 9:30 p.m.)

THE TAVERNERS – Country, jazz, blues. (Pargod, Tuesday at 9:30 p.m.)

WITH A STRAIGHT FACE – Hanna Laszlo presents skits and songs. (Jerusalem Sherover Theatre, Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

CLOSE SOUNDS – Group of the Year, 1986 Jazz Festival. (T.A. Museum, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

DON'T HOLD ME TO MY WORD – New pantomime programme with Hanoch Rosenne. (Herzliya, David, tonight at 10 p.m.; T.A., Nahmani, tomorrow at 9 p.m.; Beit Leissin, Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

GIDI GOV and BROSH BAND – (Ramat Hasharon, Tzavta, tonight at 10 p.m.)

HABREIRA HATIVIT – Selection of their new songs. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, Thursday at 10 p.m.)

MATTI CASPI AND THE PARVARIM – Songs from South America. (Old Jaffa, El Hamam, tonight at 10 p.m.)

SPECIAL EVENING WITH YAFFA YARKONI – Old and new songs, stories; plus guest artists. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

UPPER JAZZ CELLAR – (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, Sunday at 9:45 p.m.)

WITH A STRAIGHT FACE – See J'lem. (Holon, Rina, tonight at 10 p.m.)

Others

APPLES OF GOLD – Film recounting the history of the Jewish people (Eilat, Moriah Hotel, Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

DON'T HOLD ME TO MY WORD – See T.A. (Ashkelon, Rahel, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

Combo II play jazz at Pargod, Jerusalem, Wednesday.

MUSIC

All programmes start at 8:30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

MORNING CONCERT – Ruby Hoi, recorder, baroque oboe; Edith Shemer, recorder, baroque flute; David Sherier, harpsichord. Works by Frescobaldi, Telemann, Mozart, Bach and others. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11:11 a.m.)

EAST AND WEST IN MUSIC – Music for recorder, voice, oud, oriental violin. (Ticho House, tomorrow)

FLAMENCO GUITAR – Jose Miguel plays works by Paco de Lucia and others. (Zionist Confederation House, Emile Botta, Yemin Mosho, tomorrow)

THE SCHOLARS (England) – Handel: "Acis and Galatea" – pastoral opera. (Jerusalem Theatre, Rebecca Crown, Sunday.)

THE POLISH CHAMBER ORCHESTRA – Conductor Jerzy Maksymiuk. Soloist Krzysztof Jakowicz. Works by Bach, Dvorák, Mozart, Tchaikovsky. (Jerusalem Theatre, Henry Crown, Monday)

CELLO AND PIANO RECITAL – Zvi Harel and Marina Bondarenko. Works by Geminiani, Schumann, Mussorgsky. (Zionist Confederation House, Tuesday)

THE NEW JERUSALEM QUARTET – Works by Mozart, Menahem Taur, Shostakovitch, Brahms. (Gerard Behar, Leo Model Hall, Tuesday)

DUO-PIANISTS – Bracha Eden, Alexander Tamir. Works by Schubert, Mozart, Brahms, Stravinsky and others. (Rubin Academy, Givat Ram Campus, Wednesday)

KINUKO SHIRANE – Plays original Japanese music on a traditional Japanese harp. (Israel Museum, Wednesday)

THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO – Fully-staged opera in four acts by Mozart. With the New Israel Opera, the Israel Chamber Orchestra, the Rinat National Choir (performed in Italian with screened Hebrew translation.) Jerusalem Sherover Theatre, Thursday at 8 p.m.)

MUSIC-LISTENING CIRCLE – With Semadar Carmi-Giberman. (Tzavta, Thursday at 8 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

TEL AVIV TRIO – Avigail Arnheim, clarinet; Avraham Rosenblatt, violin; Emmanuella Wishkin, piano. Works by Schumann, Jacob, Reinike. (Ramat Hasharon, Yad Lebanim, tonight at 10 p.m.)

DUO-PIANISTS – See J'lem. Mozart works. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 11:11 a.m.)

THE POLISH CHAMBER ORCHESTRA – Performers as per J'lem. Works by Corelli, Lutoslawski, Mozart, Vivaldi. (Rehovot, Wix, tomorrow)

TUBA AND PIANO RECITAL – Shmuel Herskid and Menahem Weisenberg. Works by Schubert, Schumann, Bach and others. (T.A. Museum, tomorrow)

SONATAS PLUS – Clarinet, bassoon, viola, piano. Works by Telemann, Mozart, Bruch, Lutoslawski, Glinka. (Ramat Hasharon, Yad Lebanim, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO – See J'lem. (Cameri, tomorrow, Monday, at 8 p.m.)

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA – Conductor Eliahu Inbal. Soloist Antonio Meneses, cello: Joan Rodgers, soprano. Works by Partos, Schumann, Mahler. (Mann, tomorrow through Monday)

BACH EVENING – Vera Weidman, violin; Yochevet Schwartz, harpsichord. (Ramat Hasharon, Yad Lebanim, Monday at 9 p.m.)

Haifa

THE POLISH CHAMBER ORCHESTRA – See J'lem. (Haifa Auditorium, Sunday)

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA – See T.A. (Haifa Auditorium, Tuesday through Thursday)

Beersheba

THE ISRAEL SINFONIETTA, BEERSHEBA – Conductor Noam Yeini. Soloist Pnina Saltzman, piano. Schubert evening. (Conservatorium, tomorrow)

THE POLISH CHAMBER ORCHESTRA – See J'lem. (Keren, Wednesday)

THE ISRAEL SINFONIETTA, BEERSHEBA – Conductor Thomas Sanderling (Germany). Soloist Ilan Rogoff, piano. Works by Rossini, Chopin, Handel, Mozart. (Conservatorium, Thursday)

Others

THE ISRAEL SINFONIETTA, BEERSHEBA – See B'sheba, tomorrow. (Arad, Community Centre, Monday)

THEATRE

All productions are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

THE BARBER OF SEVILLE – By Beaumarchais. Beersheba Municipal Theatre production. An 18th-century French comedy. (Gerard Behar, Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

BLACK WAS THE NIGHT – By the Nissan Nativ Acting Studio. A mosaic of moments of melodrama. (Khan, tomorrow, Tuesday at 8:30 p.m.)

BRURIA – Produced by the Theatre Company of Jerusalem. A contemporary drama based on the Talmud (in English). (Zionist Confederation House, Emile Botta, Yemin Moshe, Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)

MICHAEL KOHLHAAS – By Heinrich von Kleist. Cameri Theatre production. A 17th century German classic on morality. (Jerusalem Sherover Theatre, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

AFTER THE ANNUAL BALL – By Amalia Kahana-Carmon. A passionate love affair between a 40-year-old man and an 18-year-old woman. (Jaffa, Third Floor, tonight at 10 p.m., midnight, Monday, Tuesday at 8:30 p.m.)

AUTUMN GAMES – By Omri Yavin. About the actor and his theatrical illusions. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tonight, tomorrow, Thursday at 10:30 p.m.)

SIBOFF, KING OF THE JEWS – By Yossi Hadar. Habimah Theatre production. A Nazi dybbuk enters a young Israeli boy. (Habimah, Meskin, Monday, Tuesday at 8:30 p.m.)

C'EST LA VIE – By the Window Puppet Theatre/Train Theatre. About love. (Hayarkon Park, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

CHEKHOV CHEKHOVA – Habimah Theatre production. The love story of Anton Chekhov and his wife – through their correspondence. (Habimah, Habimartef, Tuesday at 8:30 p.m.)

EXTREMITIES – Beit Leissin production. A thriller about the struggle between a man and three women. (Beit Leissin, tonight at 9 p.m., Sunday through Tuesday at 8:30 p.m.)

FREE COUPLE – By Dario Fo, Beit Leissin production. Comedy about a young couple's sexual experiment. (Ramat Gan, Oyster, tonight at 10 p.m., T.A., Beit Hehayal, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

THE GOVERNOR OF JERICHO – By Yossi Mundy. A look at contemporary Israeli society. (Petah Tikva, Mofet, tonight at 9:30 p.m.)

HELLO AND GOODBYE – By South African writer Athol Fugard. How oppressed people try to hold on to life. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

HYMNOS – By Hungarian playwright Georg Shwajda. Heavy drama about a simple couple brutalized by hard work and drink. Acre Festival 1986, First Prize. (Tzavta, tomorrow at 5:30 p.m.)

"KIDDUSH" – Family drama written and directed by Shmuel Hasafri. (Tzavta, Sunday, Monday at 8:30 p.m.)

MY FAIR COUNTRY – The story of Israel through masks, mime and movement. (Beit Leissin, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

ON HIS FACE – By Yonathan Geffen. Songs, monologues, improvizations – about confessions at bars. Plus performance by Alon Olearchik. (Tzavta, tonight at 9:30 and 11:45 p.m.; Beit Leissin, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)

ONE OLD LADY – An old lady expresses her feelings. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, tomorrow at 10:30 a.m.)

THE OPTIMIST – By Emile Habibi. Haifa Municipal Theatre production (in Arabic with Hebrew translation). (Tzavta, today at 1 p.m.)

THE ORANGE GROVE – By Yosef Bar-Yosef. Habimah Theatre production. About a widower and his too-late love. (Habimah, Meskin, tomorrow at 9 p.m., Wednesday, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

OUT! – By Danny Horowitz. A theatrical meeting about the distress of refugees. (Neve Zedek, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

PRESS PICKINGS – By Yoram Pollack. Tara group production. A melodramatic farce. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tomorrow at 11:30 p.m.)

THE ROTTEN HOUR OF SIX – Tzavta production. Comedy in verse. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, tonight at 9 p.m.)

SARAH – A STUBBORN WOMAN – By Avner Ben-Amos. A parody. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

SKIN – By Emila Shamir and Noga Eshed. Prize-winning play from the Acre Festival. A father-daughter relationship. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

"STALLERHOF" – By Franz Kroetz. Habimah Theatre production. A love affair. (Habimah, Habimartef, today at 2 p.m.)

THE SUNSET – By Isaac Babel. Habimah Theatre production. About the Jewish community of Odessa. (Habimah, Rovina, tomorrow at 9 p.m., Wednesday, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)

SUPERSTITIONS RISE IN THE EAST – By Daniel Lanzini. Prize-winning play from the Acre Festival. Violent epic on Moroccan Jewry. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

UNCLE VANYA – By Chekhov. Habimah Theatre production. About courage and hope. (Habimah, Meskin, Sunday at 8:30 p.m.)

WOMEN – Miri Aloni in a Brecht cabaret. (Beit Leissin, Upper Cellar, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

Haifa

OPEN TO SUGGESTIONS – Haifa Municipal Theatre production. Ruth Segal in a one-woman show – excerpts about a woman who has lost her memory, and her identity. (Haifa Theatre Club, tomorrow through Thursday at 9 p.m., tomorrow also at 6 p.m.)

THE OPTIMIST – See T.A. (Haifa Theatre, Small Hall, tonight at 9 p.m., in Hebrew)

WHEN SHE DANCES – By Martin Sherman. Haifa Municipal Theatre production. A day in the life of dancer Isadora Duncan. (Haifa Theatre, tomorrow, Sunday at 8:30 p.m.)

DANCE

Jerusalem

FIVE SCREAMS – By Tmu-Na Dance Theatre. Movement theatre. (Khan, Monday at 8:30 p.m.)

For last minute changes, and to check if programmes are for subscribers only, please contact box office.

Material for publication must be at *The Jerusalem Post* offices in Jerusalem (in writing) on the Sunday morning of the week of publication.

FOR CHILDREN

Jerusalem

ELEPHANTS... SHMELEPHANTS – By the Train Theatre. About two elephants. (Train Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden, tomorrow at 11 a.m., noon, Monday at 4 p.m.)

THE LAS VEGAS CIRCUS – (Binyenei Ha'uma, Tuesday through Thursday at 4:30 p.m.)

MORNING CONCERT WITH YOUNG PERFORMERS – Zionist Confederation House, Emile Botta, Yemin Moshe, today at 11 a.m.)

PICTURE BOOKS, PUPPETS AND SONGS – Ages 3-6 (in English). (Israel Museum, Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

SLEEPING BEAUTY THEATRE – Train Theatre, Wednesday at 4 p.m.

STORY-TELLING AND PUPPETS – For ages 4-6. (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 4 p.m.)

STORY-TELLING HOUR – Ages 3-6. (Harmony House, Tuesday at 4:30 p.m.; magic show, Wednesday at 4:30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

BECAUSE OF THE HOLES IN THE CHEESE – Puppets and actors in an enchanted forest. Ages 5-10. (Hayarkon Park, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

IN NEVER NEVER LAND – Songs and dramatizations. (Beit Leissin, tomorrow at 11:30 p.m.)

KING MATIE THE FIRST – Theatre by Habimah. About a boy's dreams. (Habimah, Rovina, Sunday through Tuesday at 4 and 6:45 p.m.)

SILLY GOOSE – Fable by the Window Puppet Theatre. (Hayarkon Park, Tuesday at 4:30 p.m.)

SONGS, SKITS, PLUS A ROBOT – Tzlil Shavit's new programme. (Beit Hehayal, Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

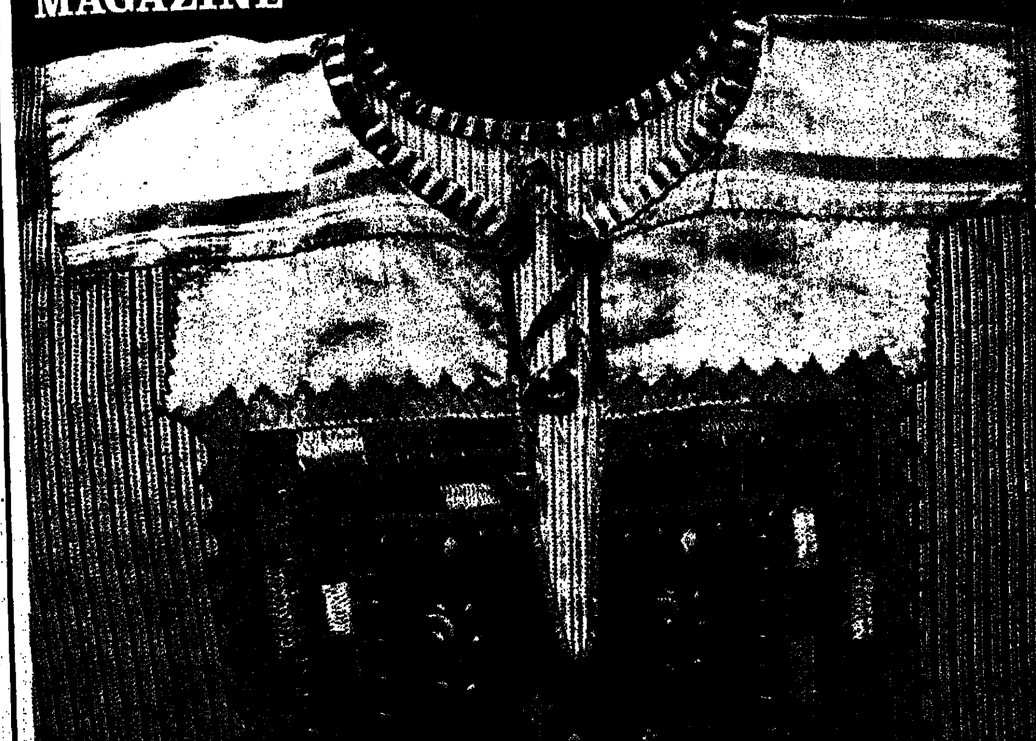
TICKLISH TALES – Nonsense version of fairy tales. Ages 8 and above. (Rishon Lezion, Tzavta, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

THE UGLY DUCKLING AND I – Theatre about an insecure girl. (Old Jaffa, Hasimtah, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

Friday, November 21, 1986

Textural delights



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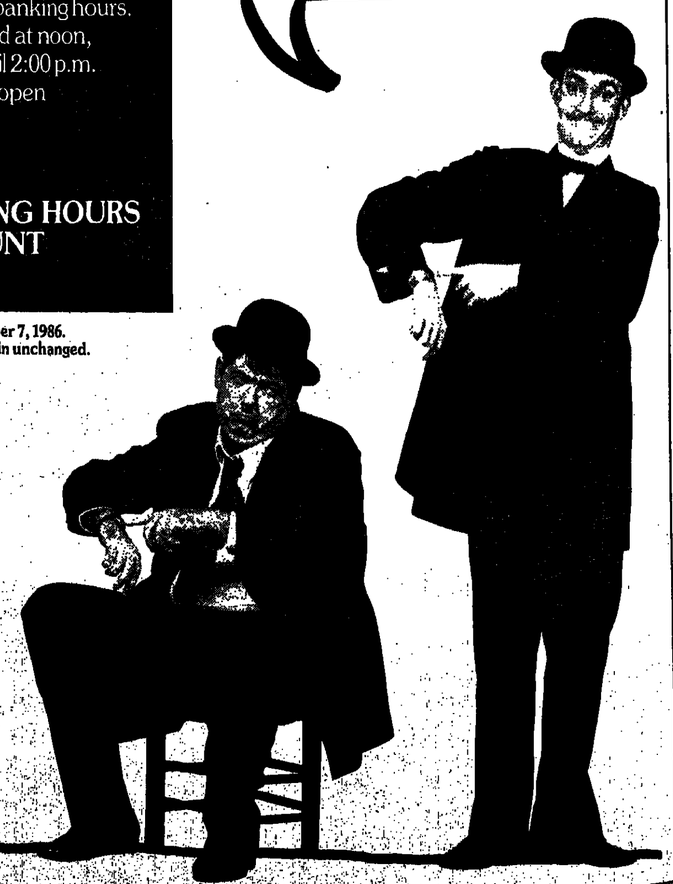

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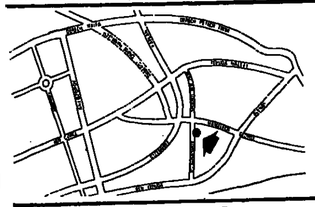

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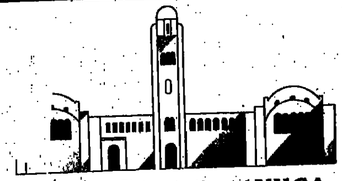

Jerusalem International YMCA
ANNUAL THANKSGIVING DINNER

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In this issue

Embroidered bib on a caftan, at the Israel Museum's Bethlehem Arab textile exhibit. See p. 10.
(Courtesy of the Israel Museum)

4 **Friends in high places** Haim Shapiro
6 **Not for radicals only** Lev Bearfield
8 **Reconciliation through action** Ernie Meyer
10 **Sumptuousness and sensibility** Meir Ronnen
12 **Johannesburg of gold** Alex Berlyne
15 **Master showman** Marsha Pomerantz
16 **Book Reviews**
18 **Poets Cornered** Edited by Dennis Silk
19 **With Prejudice** Alex Berlyne
The Fifth Column Matt Nesvisky

In the pullout

A **A myriad mini-gems** Dan Fainaru
B **Musical Notes** Eli Karev
C **Between Acts** Marsha Pomerantz
D **Matters of Taste** Haim Shapiro
E **Theatre** Naomi Doudai
F **Nature** D'vora Ben Shaul
Crosswords
G **TV & Radio** Judy Siegel-Itzkovich
H **TV, Radio Schedule**
K **Cinema** Edna Fainaru
L **The Art Scene** Meir Ronnen
O **Film Briefs** Dan Fainaru
P **The Poster**

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Design: Stephanie Schriger

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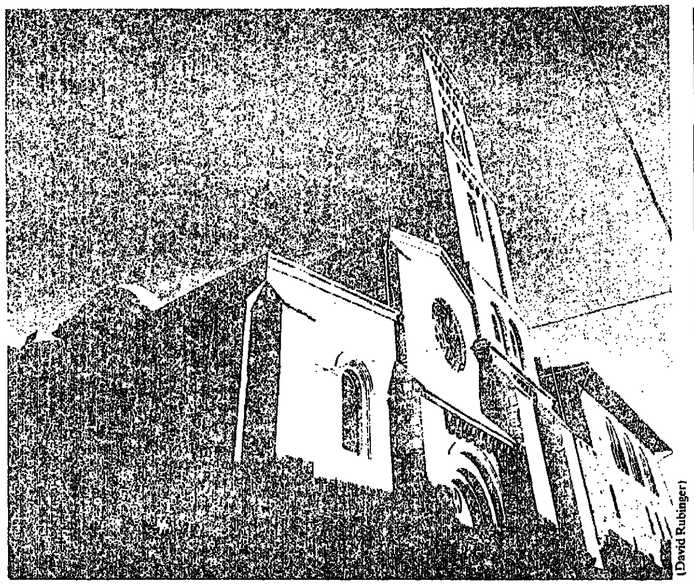
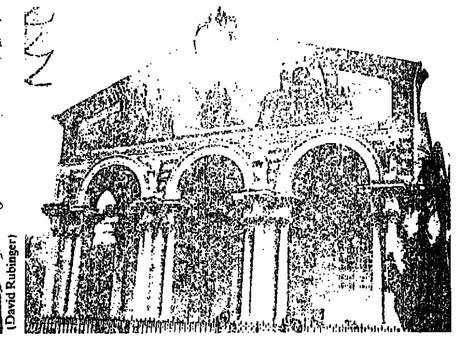


(David Rubinger)

FRIENDS IN HIGH PLACES



The Post's Haim Shapiro untangles some of the complexities of church-state relations, following the recent arrest of Jerusalem District Representative Rafi Levy and an unnamed archbishop on suspicion of fraud and bribery.

IMAGINE that you are a Jew living in Western Europe, a member of a small, but old and proud community. Suddenly the newspapers are filled with stories about an important, but unnamed, rabbi, who has been arrested. You, personally, may have no contact with the rabbi, but still you find yourself ashamed, embarrassed and perhaps wondering if the charges against him are justified.

In a sense, this country's small Christian population found themselves in a not much different situation when they were suddenly informed that a prelate was being held by the police on suspicion of illegal possession of weapons, drug smuggling and illegal currency transactions.

The arrest of the high-ranking clergyman, together with Jerusalem District Representative Rafi Levy and two prominent and wealthy Christian Arabs from Ramallah, Anna Janho and her son, Khalil, appears to have opened a Pandora's box concerning favours and special treatment meted out to members of minority groups in exchange for their ostensible services to Israel.

Already, advocate Shlomo Tussia-Cohen, who is representing Levy, the clergyman and the Janhos, has claimed in court that the Janhos received special consideration because their late husband and father, Abdel-Nour Janho, had been killed by the PLO. Even if the entire group are found guilty – and they have not even been charged with any crime – the question of whether we have acted badly towards our friends is bound to persist.

This is largely due to the very nature of the Christian communities, which find themselves involved in a political struggle, even if they are not the main protagonists. At the very least, they find themselves facing pressure from both Jews and Arab Moslems. At the most, they find themselves playing the role of tool of one side or the other or go-between, in what can become a very dangerous game.

WHAT are we talking about when we say "the country's Christians"? There are an estimated 95,000 Christians in Israel proper, including East Jerusalem, with another 30,000 or so in the West Bank and Gaza. And this relatively small number is formed of innumerable communities.

A few years ago, one scholar began listing all the various Christian groups he knew. He stopped when he arrived at 50, including churches that numbered only a few souls. His list covered everything from venerable institutions, which trace their presence back to the lifetime of Jesus, to at least one Christian kibbutz.

But for the most part, when Israelis, especially those in official positions, speak of the churches, they are referring to the three major Christian communities with historic rights and privileges in the Holy Land: the Greeks, the Armenians and the Latins, and the groups which derive their legitimacy from them.

Officially, the differences between the churches may be theological or liturgical, but in practice they are often divided by questions of politics, interest, and national allegiance. For historical reasons, many of the churches have vast real estate holdings and this too affects both the way they function and the way the authorities relate to them.

Their patriarchs shepherd flocks extending beyond Israel and the West Bank, and high church officials travel freely between Israel and Jordan, at the very least. The fact that their cars are not stopped and searched at the Jordan bridges constitutes a temptation not only to a few of them, but to their drivers.

Some churchmen have been asked to act as emissaries for Israeli and Arab officials on delicate missions. Others find themselves the object of interest to security forces on both sides. At the same time, they must protect the interest of members of their communities who may be living under repressive regimes or in the midst of an unfriendly population.

Israel inherited this maze of theology, politics and personal interests as a result of the 1967 Six Day War, which brought the entire complex of church hierarchies within the jurisdiction of the state. Israeli officials had to learn a whole new vocabulary concerning Christian communities, a vocabulary which is as strange to the average Western Christian as it is to Jews. Indeed, one of the reasons why Levy was involved in church affairs was that he was one of the few high Israeli officials who actually understood the internal workings of the churches. Most of the others simply threw up their hands in confusion.

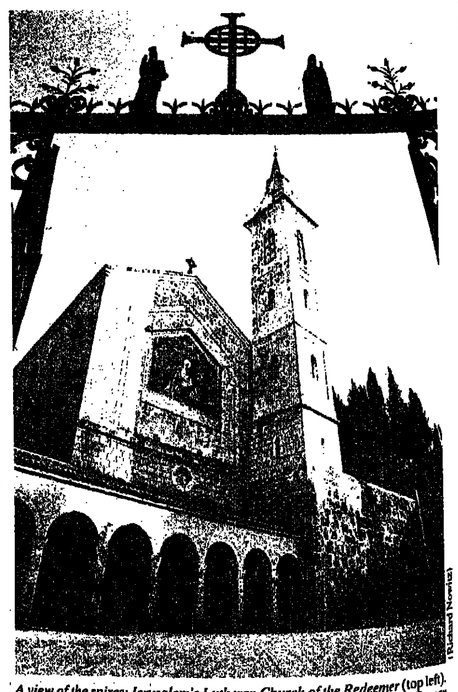
A BRIEF survey of the churches begins with the hierarchy which is generally recognized as the "mother Church" of Jerusalem, the Greek Orthodox. Indeed, only a few weeks ago, this church celebrated the 1,600th anniversary of the death of St. Cyril, a bishop of Jerusalem, who is also recognized as a "doctor" of the Roman Catholic Church.

But despite this common past, and basic agreement in matters of doctrine, the Greek Orthodox and Roman Catholic Churches have not recognized each other since 1054. There was a dramatic and emotional meeting in East Jerusalem (during Jordanian rule) between Pope Paul VI and Athenagoras, the ecumenical patriarch of Constantinople, considered first among equals among the Orthodox patriarchs. But though the meeting may have brought the two churches closer together in spirit, it did not do so in practice.

The Greek Orthodox Patriarchate of Jerusalem dates its origins to the year 451 and most of the country's Christians, although they are now, for all intents and purposes, Arabs, are believed to be the descendants of the Byzantine Christians of those times. But the Patriarchate itself had a stormy history. In fact, it was exiled for over 1,000 years and only returned to Jerusalem in 1845.

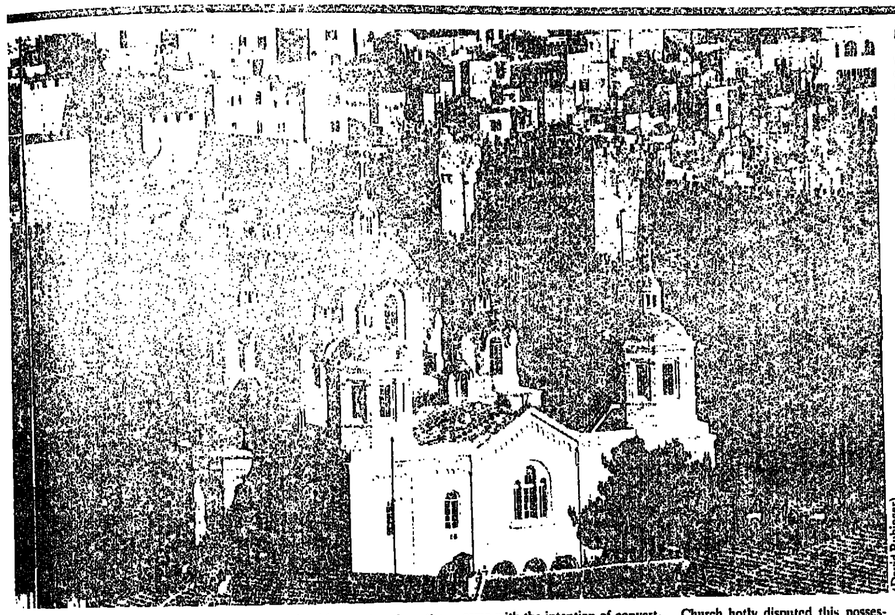
To this very day, the hierarchy of the Greek Orthodox Church is Greek in language and nationality, while the bulk of local believers, and the local clergy, are Arabs. Serving to perpetuate this arrangement is the fact that while Greek Orthodox priests are allowed to marry, it is only those who do not do so who may rise above this rank. The local Arab priests usually marry, while the hierarchy is manned by the Greek-born monks.

Linked with the Greek Orthodox are the Russian Orthodox and Romanian Orthodox Churches, the Russian Orthodox being of particular importance because the political ambitions of the Czars were sometimes expressed in religious terms. For Jerusalem residents, the vast collection of buildings known as the Russian Compound, with the impressive Russian Cathedral at its focus, give proof of this.



(Richard Nowitz)

A view of the spires: Jerusalem's Lutheran Church of the Redeemer (top left). *The Basilica of Agony in Gethsemane* (top). (Above) *Ein Kerem's Roman Catholic Church of Visitation.* (Opposite) *Jerusalem's Russian Cathedral.*



(David Rubinger)

The Russian Orthodox Church is at present divided into two bodies: – that which was in Israel after the War of Independence and which owes its allegiance to the Patriarchate of Moscow, and that which was in Jordan until the Six Day War and which is part of the Russian Orthodox Church in Exile. The world press has for years hinted that the Moscow-affiliated church mission has been a centre of Soviet espionage.

ONLY SLIGHTLY more recent in this country than the Greek Orthodox, the Armenian Church dates its existence from the year 301 and its presence in Jerusalem from the fifth century. It is a Monophysite church, one of those which split with the Western churches on a point of doctrine after the Council of Calcedon in 451.

The Armenian Church amassed considerable power during the Turkish period as a result of the importance of the Armenian civil service in the Ottoman Empire, but this proved to be of no avail during the Armenian massacres in World War I. At that time, hundreds of refugees came to Jerusalem, where they found refuge in the sprawling Convent of St. James that constitutes the Armenian Quarter. The common experience of persecution and holocaust have often forged a strong link between Armenians and Jews.

Other Monophysite churches include the Copts and Ethiopians, each with its small community, and the Syrian Orthodox, who are known principally for the fact that it has retained Syriac (a form of Aramaic) as the language of prayer. Just to make things a bit more complicated, the Syrians are sometimes referred to as "Assyrians," but the latter, a Nestorian church, with its centre in Iraq, is actually one of the few communities with no representation whatsoever in the Holy Land.

These Eastern churches, in particular the Greek Orthodox and the Armenian, have had a continuous presence in this country since the early centuries of Christianity. Over the years they have amassed immense tracts of land, much of it now choice property.

A relative late-comer on the scene, despite its international importance, is the Roman Catholic, or Latin, Church, which first established its own Patriarchate under the Crusaders and then, after being driven out by the Arabs, re-established it in 1847. Existing together with the Latin Patriarchate and in a sense parallel with it, is the Franciscan Custody of the Holy Places, presided over by the Custos, a Franciscan monk who is elected periodically and whose rank is equal to that of the Latin patriarch.

Just as significant as, and numerically even greater than, the Roman Catholics themselves, are the Uniate Churches, Eastern churches which, for historical or political reasons have, over the centuries, recognized the authority of the pope. The largest is the Greek Catholic Church, which split off from Greek Orthodoxy in the 18th century. With over 40,000 believers, it is the largest single church in the country. The Greek Catholic hierarchy is Arab and their patriarch, in fact, sits in Damascus.

Relations with the Greek Catholics were, it would seem, irreparably affected by the conviction in 1974 of Archbishop Hilarion Capucci on charges of smuggling weapons for terrorists. Capucci was later released following an undertaking that he would retire from public life, an undertaking that has not been honoured. A cogent argument can be made that the arrest and trial only served to make him a hero and that quiet negotiations to have him removed would have served the state more effectively.

Another Uniate church is that of the Maronites, who come from Lebanon. In Israel, however, they number only 6,000, mostly in Galilee. Other Uniate churches include the Syrian Catholic, Armenian Catholic, Coptic Catholic and Chaldean Catholic.

THE LOCAL Protestant churches are, for the most part, the result of missionary activities in the last century. Though the missionaries often came with the intention of converting Jews and Moslems, the bulk of their converts were Greek Orthodox Arabs, dissatisfied with the Greek domination in their own church.

In the past few decades, there has been a renewed Protestant interest in the country, evidenced by Christians from abroad who want to live and work in Israel. Usually such long- or short-term residents tend to identify with either the Jewish or the Arab population.

Those identifying with the Jews stress the Jewish suffering at the hands of Christians through the ages, the Jewish roots of Christianity, the miracle of modern Israel and sometimes also biblical injunctions for the nations of the world to support the Jewish People. The most visible of these groups is the International Christian Embassy in Jerusalem.

Those who cast their lot with the Arabs, including such groups as Mennonites and Quakers, often point out that local Arab villagers may well be descendants of the Israelites. Stressing the New Testament message of support for the oppressed and downtrodden, they see the Palestinians in this role.

This division into two camps of Christians, which extends also to the Roman Catholics to some extent, is as sharp as any doctrinal barrier. Some members of the same church, separated by this ideological barrier, will not even speak to one another.

For the older, traditional churches, matters are often far less clear cut. Centuries of minority status under fickle and often unscrupulous rulers have made them wary of any temporal power, even though they must humour the rulers, and their experience under Israeli rule has evidently not done much to change this view.

SINCE 1967, there have been three notable cases in which Israeli officials have intervened in church affairs, none of them reflecting much credit on the state or its institutions.

The first involved Deir a-Sultan, a complex of two chapels with a stairway between them, leading from the courtyard of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre to its roof. The complex was under the control of the Coptic Church of Egypt, but the Ethiopian Church hotly disputed this possession.

A few years after the Six Day War, the Ethiopians gained control by changing the lock to the complex while the Copts were attending Easter services. According to the Copts, this was done with Israeli police connivance. The question has remained unsolved and frozen in an administrative limbo, although the Ethiopians are still in control.

At the time of the original incident, Israel had considerable interests in Ethiopia and it still has, even though the Ethiopians have since broken off diplomatic relations. But since that time, there has also been a peace treaty with Egypt, with the Egyptians constantly referring to the issue.

The second case of Israeli intervention involved the problem of the Armenian hierarchy. A high and influential aide to the patriarch, and one who as considered very friendly to Israel, was deposed, much to the irritation of some Israeli officials, who used considerable pressure to have him reinstated.

Part of this pressure included the withholding of a residence visa to a new member of the Armenian hierarchy who had come from abroad. The old aide continues to reside here with no local ecclesiastical function and the new churchman continues to live and work here without a visa. Following subsequent violence and a murder, all linked to the tension within the community, some Armenians charged that the police were one-sided in their investigations.

The third case involves the election of the Greek Orthodox patriarch. One of the candidates, an archbishop who had been serving in Jordan, was considered "unfriendly to Israel" and Israeli officials actively campaigned against him. Nevertheless, he was elected by the church council.

In at least two of the cases, those of the Armenians and the Greeks, Rafi Levy was named as the official behind Israeli pressure. The Greek patriarch has proved to be a dynamic and effective churchman and one who has shown no animosity towards Israel, despite the election incident, but the other two problems remain to trouble both the churches and the government.

There have been other, more minor irritations, such as continued opposition to the construction of a Coptic school and government intervention in the planning and tax status of the Roman Catholic Notre Dame pilgrim centre. But in the latter case, while the Eastern churches are to a large degree autonomous and without international influence, the Roman Catholics have a powerful patron in the form of the Vatican, which has extensive, if unofficial, diplomatic ties with the Israeli foreign service.

Thus, while the Roman Catholics have remained more or less aloof, the Eastern churches, with a history of dependency on local government, and at least a degree of autonomy from outside hierarchies, have been more closely linked to and dependent upon Israeli officialdom.

ANOTHER source of Israeli interest in the churches regards real estate in Jerusalem.

Shortly after the Six Day War, the Armenian Church sold the plot on which the old East Hotel, facing the Jaffa Gate, stood. Later they leased vast tracts to the Jerusalem municipality, as did the other churches, for the parks surrounding the Old City walls.

The property leased by the Greek Orthodox includes the area south of the King David Hotel. As for the Roman Catholics, their policy has apparently been to sell property in West Jeusalem, but not in East Jerusalem.

But just as the Israelis are hungry for the land, it is also, in a sense, in the interest of the churches to sell or lease it. This is hardly a period of expanding monasticism and they do not have the manpower to work their land. In this context, anyone in a key position who is in contact with the churches has a powerful tool in his hands, simply by knowing what land is available.

IT WAS in the euphoric days following the Six Day War that much of the policy was set. At that time, then prime minister Levi Eshkol met with the heads of the Churches to assure them that Israel had no intention of interfering with the *status quo*, and the late Ya'acov Herzog, brother of the present president, was sent on a special mission to the Vatican to deliver a similar message.

At that time, Moshe Dayan, all-powerful as minister of defence and military governor of the conquered area, gave Rafi Levy the sensitive job of controlling the passage of religious personalities over the Jordan bridges. It was, in fact, Dayan and the Jerusalem municipality that gave to Levy much of his power in connection with the Churches.

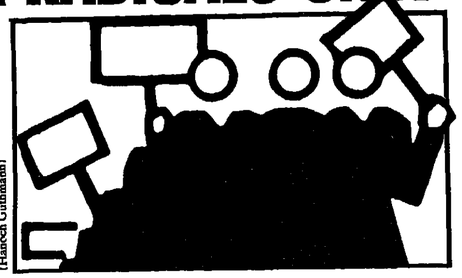
One of the few people who is both fully informed about the workings of the churches in relation to the State of Israel, and in a position to speak about them because he holds no official position, is Yisrael Lippel. Once the director-general of the Religious Affairs Ministry, a position to which he rose after being the head of the ministry's Christian communities department, he now heads an independent Institute for Religious Understanding in the Old City.

As far as the churches are concerned, he is positive. "The church people didn't disappoint Israel by abusing their power, especially considering the temptations, both concerning freedom from searches on the bridges and the fact that most of them have large Arab congregations."

Concerning the government he is far less sanguine. "I have the feeling that the government today has no address to deal with regarding the sensitive issues of the Christian world," he said sadly. □

NOT FOR RADICALS ONLY

(Hanoch Gutmann)



THE MOST RADICAL change Avigdor Feldman would like to see in this country is an end to the assumption that civil rights is an issue to be promoted by leftists and, well, radicals.

The 38-year-old Tel Aviv attorney was in the news recently when he filed a petition with the High Court against the deportation of East Jerusalem newspaper editor Akram Haniye. The petition was filed in conjuction with the well-known defender of Palestinians, Felicia Langer. But Feldman insists that his orientation and interest in the case are at wide variance with Langer's.

"The fact is," he says, "this country has an overabundance of lawyers, but only a handful ever involve themselves in civil rights matters. And those who do are almost always highly political personalities – meaning, from the left. They may do excellent work, I don't take that away from them. But I think it's regrettable that civil rights should be the province of any political camp – whether it's the communists or even Shulamit Aloni's Citizens Rights Movement. It's not political in other countries. The fact that it is here keeps lawyers out of the field.

"One thing I'd very much like to do," Feldman continues, "is to get new faces, especially established lawyers, involved in rights issues. It would help legitimize the struggle. I think that's quite important, because civil rights in some respects are deteriorating in Israel, and that should be everyone's concern."

Feldman confesses to being "somewhat left of centre, myself," but maintains that he has never been affiliated with any political party. "My interest in civil rights developed intellectually," he says, "when I was a law student at Tel Aviv University. I knew I could make more money handling divorce or property cases, but they simply didn't appeal to me as much as the problems in rights issues. So I began my practice with criminal and civil rights cases. My work now deals solely with test cases concerning civil rights."

Feldman's inclinations naturally enough led him to membership in the Association for Civil Rights in Israel. His work with Acri in turn brought him to the attention of the New Israel Fund, an American organization devoted to promoting civil rights and citizens'-action activities in Israel. The NIF selected Feldman to be one of its first participants in a programme bringing Israeli attorneys to American University in Washington, D.C. to gain exposure to American civil-rights legislation. Feldman duly completed his M.A. at American University last year, and was a visiting scholar at Harvard's faculty of international law.

But even before returning to Israel, where he is currently working on his Ph.D. at Tel Aviv University, Feldman had a proposal of his own for the New Israel Fund. If he gave up his private practice, would it be willing to provide seed money for an office from which specific rights issues could be tested in the courts?

"Acri, you see," Feldman says, "is chiefly involved with educational and lobbying activities. I thought the time had come for an organized effort to press certain issues before the bench – mainly the Supreme Court. The NIF agreed to put up $75,000 to create the Legal Defence Fund. We opened our office about two months ago – myself, my clerk Giora Landau, a secretary and some assisting personnel. The NIF is funding us for a year. After that, we'll see if we can stand on our own feet. Meanwhile, we're already very busy."

Feldman has no inhibitions about taking guidance – and money – from Americans. "The truth is," he smiles, "we can learn a great deal from the Americans about civil rights litigation. Americans in general have a much higher awareness of their rights than Israelis do. I remember seeing a homeless man in Washington resisting being placed in a shelter for the poor. Aside from the fact that we don't have a constitution in Israel, it would be rare to hear a citizen defending himself against the government by arguing in terms of his rights."

Nor was the attorney much distressed by a recent article in an American Jewish magazine that accused the New Israel Fund of promoting "radical-left" elements in Israel in the guise of supporting civil rights.

"That's all part of the syndrome I was mentioning before," Feldman sighs, "about the association in people's minds between civil rights and the left. In any case, I can't think of any better use for American Jewish money in this country. Raising consciousness of civil rights here, quite simply, is good for Zionism. It's good for Jews here and for Jews abroad. It's good for everyone."

BUT ISN'T it a fact that civil rights litigation in this country largely concerns Arabs?

"That's true," Feldman acknowledges, "but that's not an expression of politics. That simply reflects the fact that Arabs are a minority, and here, as in the U.S., civil rights are in great part concerned with minority rights. Yet these in turn are related to the rights of everyone.

"In my petition against the deportation of Akram Haniye, for example, I wasn't challenging the nature of the punishment per se. I do think that deportation is a severe penalty, and I think that with so many Jews having suffered deportation themselves in our recent history there's something about forced removal from one's home that troubles the Jewish consciousness. But the law allows it, and I'm not challenging the law. I'm simply seeking a narrow interpretation of it. The emergency regulations allow for deportation of terrorists. But Akram Haniye isn't accused of being a terrorist, either directly or indirectly. Instead, his deportation is being sought because of his opinions, or his attempts to influence people.

"Well, we see the expression of views and the attempt to influence people as a civil right. That's why we think PEN – the international writers organization – will be interested in the deportation of a journalist. We also don't see Haniye's deportation enhancing security – we see it achieving only a political result. This is the same argument I used a few years back, when I won the release from detention of the Golan Druse strikers. I maintained that it was a violation of rights to lock people up for their opinions. The court agreed. I'm hoping it will in the Haniye case.

"The point is," Feldman continues, "Israelis must be made aware that if we violate rights on the West Bank, then it can happen within Israel itself. I think we've already seen a deterioration of rights in Israel because of the situation in the territories.

"In arrests, for example. The way people are arbitrarily swept up by the security forces in the West Bank has created an atmosphere, a precedent, that encourages police in Israel to arrest people too quickly. We know this from the many thousands of arrests that don't result in charges being brought. Yet people can be picked up and held for 48 hours and interrogated without the right of having a lawyer present. Is it any wonder we have so many claims of confessions being extracted under duress?

Civil rights should not be the province of any political camp, attorney Avigdor Feldman tells The Post's Lev Bearfield.

"Then when the police seek an extension of custody from a judge," Feldman continues, "in many cases the judge goes along, even though the police don't present sufficient evidence to justify holding somebody. But the judges are likely overworked, and they tend to take the police at their word, and so they sign the order – it just becomes the customary routine. Judges can be pretty loose about this, because after all, they have immunity. I'm sorry to say it, but I think many judges here, just like so many Israelis, lack a proper sensitivity to civil rights.

"In any event, has anyone here ever sued for false arrest? Would any Israeli think of seeking damages from the police? Well, we think the state should be liable, and we're preparing test cases on just this matter."

FELDMAN ALSO dislikes the practice of bringing civilians before military tribunals. He knows these courts at first hand: his security clearance allows him to appear before military courts, and in his army reserve duty he serves in the IDF legal department. But while he says he respects the military judiciary, it has its inherent problems.

"First of all," Feldman says, "unlike in a civil court, the military court is made up of people who come from a hierarchical system. This means they have their ranks, and this can inhibit their behaviour, because after a case is completed, they're still in the army, subject to discipline, orders from above, and so on. In other words, an army judge – who by the way may have no legal training – is simply not an independent agent. He's also subject to dismissal by the chief of general staff, who in addition has the power to throw out his rulings.

"And then, why is an army judge or prosecutor dealing with non-military defendants? Why should we have a courtroom where everyone is in uniform except the defendant? The fact is, under those British Mandate emergency regulations, people accused of security offences may be tried by the army. But in practice, it's simply an expedient way of dealing with Arabs. And only Arabs. When the Jewish terrorist underground goes on trial – or if a Jew is accused of selling weapons to the enemy – the case is heard before a civil court."

The kinds of changes Avigdor Feldman would like to see in Israeli jurisprudence suggest major adjustments in long-established attitudes and practices. But he is convinced such changes can be made. Indeed, his successes as a private attorney before setting up the Legal Defence Fund are what give him the confidence that revolutions can be made in the courtroom.

In 1974, for example, Feldman won the Eilon Moreh land dispute, the only instance in which Arab landowners managed to have a settlement removed from their property. Shortly afterwards, Feldman convinced the Supreme Court to overrule a rabbinical court that had forbidden a divorcee to marry a man with whom she had had adulterous relations. In another precedent-setting case he got a defendant free from administrative detention. On two occasions – one dealing with arrests and the other with the confiscation of a factory – he convinced the Supreme Court to declare South Lebanon occupied territory and to rule that the powers of the IDF were limited under international law.

Thus while he approves of the Association for Civil Rights educating and lobbying for a higher consciousness about civil liberties, Feldman personally prefers the case-by-case method of seeking precedents in the courtroom. And in its few months of existence, Feldman's legal centre has already pursued that goal by involving itself in a wide range of intriguing rights issues.

"WE HAVE, FOR example," he says, "nine Black Hebrews who have been deported to jail. These people have renounced their U.S. citizenship, and the State Department has indicated they will not be accepted back into the U.S. So Israel is holding these men and women in jail – apparently in perpetuity. We think that's both absurd and cruel. We'd like to see them released and reunited with their children, at least until the deportation problem is resolved.

"Then we have a case where the Tel Aviv municipality has established a new 'quality school' with a nature-study trend. All very nice, but admission is based on IQ and psychological tests. Studies in the U.S. have proven that such test results, especially among young children, are strongly influenced by socio-economic factors – in other words, they discriminate against the poor. We think admission to such a school should be based on the interest of the child, not on his performance in a dubious IQ test.

"In another education case," Feldman continues, "we have Arab children in Ramle suffering such a poor classroom situation that some lessons are being given in the courtyard of their crumbling old school. Meanwhile, because of population shifts, a former Jewish school nearby is standing empty. The mayor and the Education Ministry properly enough authorized the school for use by the Arab children. But then some Kahane-type extremists convinced the town council that this would set a bad precedent, and the council overruled the mayor. We're going to fight this, either in or out of court."

Another case Feldman is involved with concerns the section of the military draft law that allows women to be excused from service for reasons of religion or conscientious objection.

"Most people don't even recall that the second option is there," Feldman says. "But it was written into the law back in the early 1950s as a reflection of the *status quo* agreement on religious and secular matters. Opinion is also divided on whether this is applicable only before conscription or afterwards as well – or in reserve duty. And why is conscientious objection available to women and not to men? Anyway, one of the conscientious objectors we represented was eventually released from the army as 'unsuitable.' That doesn't suit us. I see some additional and very interesting litigation here."

Feldman and his associates foresee interesting litigation in a lot of areas, and they aren't necessarily waiting for distressed clients to bring matters to their attention.

"We can't afford to wait," the attorney says. "Not when Israelis are so passive when it comes to their own rights – and not when a petition might have to be filed immediately to prevent some legal action. So we're preparing things in advance. For example, in discrimination of funding Arab communities – Tel Aviv-Jaffa is a good case in point. And we're working in other areas – matters of women's rights, even the right to have a secular burial."

The Israeli passivity about rights, Feldman maintains, results from a kneejerk belief that "the authorities must know what they're doing" – a curious attitude for anyone who's lived in this country for more than a week – and a willingness to sacrifice personal liberties for the sake of the all-encompassing "security." Feldman also points to the lack of a deep-rooted democratic tradition among the populace, and the absence of a constitution or bill of rights.

"Of course," he says, "we have a very admirable legal system and a very fair judiciary. A formal constitution isn't a legal necessity. But if we talk about teaching democracy and raising awareness of rights, teachers would certainly find it helpful if they had a constitution they could point to. And until a greater sensitivity about civil rights permeates the society, the points have to be made, case by case, in the courts." □

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RECONCILIATION THROUGH ACTION

WEST GERMANY'S *Aktion Suehnezeichen/Friedensdienste* – Action Reconciliation/Services for Peace – is marking 25 years of its activities in Israel. About 500 volunteers have spent 18-month stints in Israel during this period under the auspices of this voluntary Protestant-inspired organization.

Today, 33 young men and women are working here with the elderly, the handicapped, disadvantaged children and in a variety of other projects. Altogether the organization fields about 140 volunteers in various countries every year.

Young men and women from Germany are working as volunteers in Israel, as a form of atonement. Ernie Meyer reports.

These activities are designed to express Germany's historic guilt and responsibility for the Nazi years and the desire for reconciliation with those whom Germany wronged.

The word "action" in the organization's name signifies that it focuses all its efforts on reconciliation. The English translation of the word *Suehne*, the first part of the term *Suehnezeichen*, means atonement for past as well as present guilt. This has nothing to do with material compensation *Wiedergutmachung* (making good for what happened.)

"*Suehne* means much more," the leaders of the organization say. "It means that we have to study the lessons of history, acknowledge errors, and search for new ways."

The word *Zeichen*, (sign, used in the sense of "token,") the second component of the term *Suehnezeichen*, is an expression of modesty. It means that the organizers realize the relative insignificance of all their efforts.

The organization was founded by Lothar Kreyssig, a judge in Mecklenburg before the war. His court had the legal guardianship over several hundred retarded children and adults. During the summer of 1940 death certificates of his wards began to pile up on Kreyssig's desk, and he became curious, because they all came from three mental hospitals in southern Germany. Following up with an investigation, Kreyssig publicly charged the Nazi government with the systematic mercy killing of these unfortunates.

As a result of warnings from the Nazis, Kreyssig resigned his judgeship, returned to his farm and later became a member of the minority Confessing Church.

Lothar Kreyssig (above), *founder of the organization; symbol of the Services* (top) *and photos of German volunteers at work in Israel.*

AFTER THE WAR Kreyssig felt deeply the enormous failure of Christians in living up to their responsibilities. He, thought that the Church's work was only possible in the future if it viewed the Holocaust as the most profound crisis in the history of Christianity.

From 1945 on he began to seek ways of atoning for the crimes committed by Germans. At Stuttgart that year, leaders of the Confessing Church met with a delegation of the provisional World Council of Churches and made a declaration of guilt.

The Stuttgart "Declaration of Guilt" brought forth no immediate results. The Germans were too preoccupied with their own suffering and efforts to rebuild their country.

By 1958 Lothar Kreyssig was chairman of the Synod of the Protestant Church in Germany. While the synod was formulating its position on army chaplains and nuclear arms, he presented his "Call for Peace." His idea was to go beyond verbal statements of guilt and financial reparations – and to work actively in countries which had suffered most under German oppression. A majority of the delegates supported his plan and *Aktion Suehnezeichen* was born.

Its "Call for Peace" states: "We Germans started World War II and have brought immeasurable suffering on mankind. We murdered millions of Jews in an outrageous rebellion against God. Those of us who opposed it, did not do enough to prevent it. Chiefly for this reason, we still have no peace, because there is too little reconciliation.

"It may well be too late. We ask all the people who suffered at our hands to allow us to perform a good deed in their countries with our own hands as a symbol of reconciliation. Let us begin in Poland, Russia and Israel, whose people we hurt the most."

BUT IT WAS too soon after the war for these three countries to respond positively. The volunteers of Action Reconciliation therefore started out by building churches, community centres and a synagogue in France, Norway, England and Holland.

The young volunteers, who first responded to the call of Lothar Kreyssig, who died this year at the age of 88, did not act out of a feeling of personal guilt, as they had all been youngsters during the war. But they were convinced that they could not dissociate themselves from the history of their own people.

In 1969 the organization added the word *Friedensdienste*, Services for Peace, to its name. This was done for theological reasons and in an effort to clarify and expand the original designation.

THE WORK OF ACTION Reconciliation in Israel began in October 1961, when the first group of volunteers worked six months on a kibbutz. From these modest beginnings while the Eichmann trial was in progress, the organization now looks back with quiet but justified pride on its 25-year history here.

To find out how *Suehnezeichen* is doing today, *The Jerusalem Post* went to its headquarters in Israel, at Haus Pax, at 28 Ein-Gedi Street in the capital's Talpiot quarter. It was placed at the organization's disposal by the municipality (read Mayor Teddy Kollek), free of charge, eight years ago.

Heribert Krane, 31, who has been programme coordinator since March, worked at the Ben Shemen youth village, from 1975 to 1977, after which he went home to study sociology. In 1982 he joined the headquarters staff in Berlin, spending three years in Washington. The organization's activities in the U.S. came about as a result of invitations from American Quakers and Mennonites.

As if to illustrate the breadth of the appeal *Suehnezeichen* has to all varieties of Christians and even to atheists, he mentioned that he himself is Catholic. His wife is an Israeli, whom he met during a youth exchange programme in Germany six years ago.

The 140 volunteers *Suehnezeichen* deploys every year break down as follows: Israel 33, France 25, Holland and Belgium together 25, U.S. 20, Norway 15, England 6 and Poland 2, with the remainder assisting the 20 full-time staffers in Berlin.

Volunteers serve as guides at the Dachau concentration camp site and at Neuengamme, near Hamburg. The volunteers in Poland are also guides and do restoration work at the sites of Auschwitz, Stutthof and Maidanek. *Suehnezeichen* has also sent volunteers to Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Romania, Hungary, Greece, Finland and Italy. These activities occasionally took the form of summer work camps. In the early stages, the organization's work consisted mainly of short-term building projects; recently the accent has been on social work.

SINCE 1984 the Russians have allowed *Suehnezeichen* to bring in groups of former volunteers twice a year for two-week study trips.

Berlin headquarters usually has more than double the number of applicants it can handle.

Applicants are carefully screened, and require references from their teachers and clergymen. The minimum age is 18, and volunteers are accepted up to the age of 28. To prepare them for their work, the volunteers attend weekend seminars on subjects such as the history of anti-Semitism and the persecution of the Jews under Hitler.

Here in Israel, the first three months are spent at Kibbutz Palmach-Tzova, near Jerusalem, where six hours of work each day are combined with eight hours of Hebrew study a week.

Krane said that the organization's cost per volunteer is about DM6,000 (about NIS 7,500) covering transportation, insurance, seminars and staff salaries. The individual projects in the host countries usually provide food and lodging – and sometimes also pocket money.

IN ISRAEL, almost half the projects are entirely financed by the organization. The organization pays the volunteer NIS120 a month for food and NIS95 in pocket money.

As a rule one volunteer is allocated per project, Krane said. Projects include working in old folks homes or in homes for mentally and physically retarded children and adults in Dimona and Kfar Rafael, near Beersheba. Volunteers also look after individual social cases such as residents of shelters for battered women. For many years volunteers worked in the Swedish Village for handicapped youngsters in the capital's Kiryat Hayovel quarter.

Volunteers can also be found working in the Yad Vashem archives and at the Leo Baeck Institute. Volunteers have worked in the Arab sector, at Yirka, Shfaram, Umm el-Fahm and Usfiya.

Krane knows of three cases where volunteers on service here married an Israeli partner. In some instances volunteers have even converted to Judaism. On the other hand, Krane added, Action Reconciliation has never been suspected of any missionary activity. According to veteran *Suehnezeichen* leader Johannes Mueller, however, an occasional missionary misstep has had to be checked.

"*Suehnezeichen* has a good reputation for enrolling only solid people. We have no complaints about problems with drugs or alcohol," Krane said.

ABOUT 90 PER CENT of the male volunteers today are *Kriegsdienstverweigerer*: conscientious objectors. By agreements with the German *Bundeswehr* these men (there is no compulsory military service for women in Germany) may replace their 15-month army service with 18 months with *Suehnezeichen*. An objector also has the option of 24 months of social service in Germany. The attraction of serving far from home in some foreign country is quite obvious.

However, this so-called *Suehne*-tourism is not a bad thing, said Krane.

Suehnezeichen was severely tested in April 1978, when Arab terrorists threw a bomb into a bus halted in Nablus, which was carrying volunteers returning from a tour of the Galilee. Susanne Zahn, 21, and Christoph Gaede, 19, were killed, while six others were severely injured.

But the German seekers after reconciliation carried on undeterred and there was not even any noticeable backlash of anti-Arab feeling. A story in *The Jerusalem Post*, on the experience of Dietrich Gaede, totally blind for two months before regaining sight in the right eye, was headlined "Determined not to hate."

MARKING ITS 25th anniversary *Suehnezeichen* organized an exhibit of 50 photographs documenting its history at Jerusalem's Gerard Behar Centre (formerly Beit Ha'am). Mayor Teddy Kollek addressed the opening and session praised the volunteers.

With his usual bluntness, however, Kollek told his listeners, among other things, "I don't understand why you work in the Arab sector. That is not your place."

Praise tempered by criticism was evident in the opinions of Holocaust survivor Dr. Shmuel Krakowsky, director of the archives at Yad Vashem, where volunteers have worked for years. "Something has happened to the organization since it added the term Peace Services to its name. There is a certain distortion here. Atoning for the Holocaust and striving for peace do not necessarily go together. Perhaps subconsciously, some of the volunteers stop seeing the unique character of the Holocaust. They come to Arab villages and hear about the supposed 'genocide' of the Palestinian people – and these stories fall on willing ears."

Today there are only two volunteers in the Arab sector: a young woman who works at the kindergarten in Umm el-Fahm and a man who is helping with the building of a cultural centre there.

TO MARK its anniversary, *Suehnezeichen* put out a special, 75-page edition of its quarterly magazine *Zeichen* (Sign.) It contains articles by senior members of the organization, as well as comments by friends in Israel, such as Justice Haim Cohn, professors Joseph Walk and Walter Grab, Histadrut official Eliezer Feiler, Auschwitz survivor Lilly Kopecky, author Shalom Ben-Chorin, and others.

The liveliest section is devoted to volunteers' impressions. Here are the voices of Israel freaks (some disillusioned), Israelphobes and Israelphiles, unabashed PLO sympathizers (a small group were quietly sent home some years ago, according to one report), and youngsters who, for reasons of their own, prefer to do their "atoning" in the Arab sector of the country.

But most of all, one hears the voice of idealistic, level-headed, likable young men and women with a keen sense of observation, who take to their often difficult work with gusto and flair.

There follow a selection of extracts from some of the articles. "I am enthusiastic about the variety and beauty of this country. During this time, I have seen more here than merely the Arab-Jewish conflict. I feel sorry for those of us who are unable to do likewise, for they are wasting their time here." (Maud Meinel, volunteer at Ben Shemen children's village, 1982-1984).

"During the Lebanon war of 1982 a few people wondered whether the organization should carry on its work in Israel as usual. There were no such heart-searchings, however, regarding our activities in England, which was then fighting the Argentines in the Falkland Isles." (A member of the editorial staff).

"Homesick for Israel" is the heading of an article by Elisabeth Kruke, who spent two years as house mother in a mental home in Jerusalem 20 years ago. She regrets that in Germany over the last 22 years she has heard such slogans as *Suehnezeichen-tourism*, *Suehnezeichen* is pro-Arab, and simply Down with *Suehnezeichen*.

"A grandmother saying goodbye to a volunteer departing for Israel handed him a DM100 note with the words: 'Now don't go and give it to the Yids.'" (Joern Boehme)

"I think the discovery by *Suehnezeichen* that there were Arabs in Israel was almost an accident. It followed the visit to Shfaram by an exchange youth group from Tuebingen in 1977. I don't think that the work of creating peace can be compartmentalized, because peace is indivisible." (Elias Jabour, teacher, social worker and acting mayor of Shfaram).

"We took up work with the Arabs because they are a part of Israeli life which cannot be ignored, especially if one wants to come to terms with the Jewish-Arab conflict. Apart from this there is a great need on the part of the Arabs for help from volunteers. In the last analysis, this is based on the discrimination Arabs suffer in Israeli society." (Joern Boehme, since 1980 responsible for operations in Israel in Berlin.

"*Suehnezeichen* recognizes the rights of the two nations facing each other in the historic Eretz Israel/Palestine, who have to live with each other in peace, security, enjoying equal rights. Based on this, the organization feels a strong kinship with all groups striving for a peaceful and just solution." (Joern Boehme)

"A young woman develped a sort of dislike for Israel. The earlier, idealistic image she had built up for herself of Israel as a peace-loving, democratic but persecuted young country had collapsed under the impact of reality." (Henry Wasserman, born 1943, near Cracow, works at Yad Vashem.)

"For us 20 young volunteers, the year 1963-1964 in Israel was perhaps the most valuable and enriching time of our lives. These first tentative contacts with the Jewish personality opened up undreamed-of horizons to us. We were still able to speak with David Ben-Gurion; and Martin Buber expressed to me his high hopes for the youth of Germany." (Otto Schenk, twice coordinator in Jerusalem. Since 1974 pastor in Odenwald; later general secretary of the German Coordinating Council of Societies for Christian-Jewish Cooperation).

"It might be a good idea if volunteers, perhaps in the last six months of their service, devoted some time to guiding German tourists here. This might help visitors understand the 'Jewish reality' here and accept it with all its contradictions." (Edna Brocke, born 1943 in Jerusalem; since 1968 teacher in Krefeld's Jewish community and lecturer at the universities of Bochum and Duisburg). □

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SUMPTUOUSNESS AND SENSIBILITY

TWO SUPERB exhibitions of Islamic and local Arab textiles are concurrently on view in Jerusalem. At the L.A. Mayer Institute for Islamic Art there is a vast array of dazzling Ikats from Central Asia and an equally superb presentation of Suzani embroideries from the same region. The Israel Museum is presenting a delightful collection of embroidered dresses from the Bethlehem region. And for good measure, part of the Israel Museum's collection of Islamic art, from painting to weapons and armour, is on view at the Paley Centre in East Jerusalem.

Common to all these exhibits is evidence of an aesthetic sense and colour harmony that in both sumptuousness and sensibility is as fine if not superior to anything that developed during the same periods in the West.

The beauty of these materials and their designs has not escaped notice among Western designers, who have periodically rediscovered them over the last century or so. The first to be influenced were the French, who imported the caftan from North Africa and raved over the splendour of the "Orientalisme" depicted by visitors to the Near East like Delacroix, Gerome and othes. A caftan painted by Matisse is one of the finest pictures from Russia currently on loan to the New York Met. Islamic textiles and rugs turn up over and over again in *fin de siecle* painting, and helped spark the Fauvist celebration of pure colour.

Local Arab dresses again became the vogue right after the unification of Jerusalem in 1967, when collectors, both professional and amateur, descended in droves on the dazed but delighted merchants of the Old City's David Street (I remember jostling elbows over prize pieces with curators from various Israeli museums). Within two years Shelagh Weir of the British Museum had published her monograph and prices went up sharply in 1970, when Arab shopkeepers began waving her catalogue over every purchase, chanting the magic incantation "British Museum, British Museum" that ensured a basis for tripling the previous week's prices.

As stocks vanished, the merchants scoured every Arab village within reach, snatching up family heirlooms and dowry cushions. The real stuff was all pre-World War Two and even of Turkish Palestine. When the supply began to give out and prices became exorbitant, several Jerusalem dress shops began making flower-girl versions of their own; attractive enough, but something else.

THE ASIAN and Bethlehem textiles have little in common but a penchant for dyed silk thread; in Bethlehem it was used to embroider the rich floral and geometric designs on the "bibs," sleeves and skirt panels of wedding and "best" dresses, work at which the Christian Arab women became particularly adept, perhaps because it was also a more lucrative and civilized pastime than labouring in the fields, the province of the Moslem Arab *fellahin*.

In Asia, the silk threads were woven into fabrics, but tie-dyed *before* weaving. The threads were stretched on the loom, as either the warp or the weft, only after being dipped in bundles in various dyes, each part of the bundle being treated with a water-resistant as the colours were changed. The name ikat is really the term for the method; it is derived from a Malay-Indonesian verb for binding (Indonesian batiks, also made with resist dye techniques, are dyed after weaving). Ikat is a complicated process, but it has a shimmering watercolour-like splendour all of its own, the blurred edges of the colours lending it the characteristic ikat "out-of-focus" effect.

Post art editor Meir Ronnen reviews two eye-catching exhibits.

There is an Islamic interdiction against the wearing of silk, more particularly by men which dates back to Mohammed's ascetic preference for homespun (and which had its echo in Gandhi's *khaddar*). With almost rabbinical dexterity, the Moslems of Central Asia got around this by lining their silks so that it was the cotton which came into contact with the skin; and by using cotton in the weft. In Palestine, the silk threads were embroidered into dresses of cotton, or used to decorate the edges of the wonderful *appliqué* inlays. The Christians wore dresses that were part of a Moslem tradition. The Bethlehem ladies later had Moslem clients. But using cotton or linen backgrounds was also a matter of economy.

THE GORGEOUS materials of Central Asia derive from towns astride the classic silk route to Cathay. Even their names are redolent of Asian splendour: Samarkhand, Tashkent, Bokhara and other villages of the Ferghana Valley in Uzbekistan. The main ethnic groups living there were Uzbeks of Turkish origin, Tadjiks from Persia, and Kazakhs. Most were Moslems. In addition, there were Russians, Chinese and Jews; and everyone was familiar with words in Hindi, Chinese and Arabic. Under the Moslem Emir in Czarist times, the Jews of Bokhara helped develop the garment industry: they raised cotton and made dyes and ikats; they were set apart by their dye-stained hands, but were also made to wear yellow or a distinguishing cord on their garments, a forerunner of the yellow star; this was rescinded only after the Revolution.

The wonderful ikats now on show are both garments and decorations, some of uncannily modernist abstract quality; it is easy to imagine how they had an effect on artist-designers like Sonia Delaunay. The silk robes are those of the affluent and of local rulers and officials; they were status symbols.

MANY OF THE Asian pieces are from private collections in London and New York. They occupy the three galleries of the lower floor of the Mayer Institute. One gallery is given over to the more familiar but even more wondrously wrought Suzani (needle) embroideries from Uzbekistan, huge hangings that were, variously, bridal-bed covers, curtains, partitions and, on occasion, even coffin covers. Those with *mihrab* designs were used as prayer mats (and, until a few years ago, could also be found in Jerusalem at shops run by Jews from Bokhara). The Suzanis are huge, often 2x2.80 metres; and are stitched onto linen. The threads are of silk from China or India, dyed by Jews, who at first obtained a monopoly on the craft because it was considered a low-caste activity.

The dyes were at first made of imported indigo, madder and cochineal; as well as delphinium, pomegranate and pistachio bark, but synthetic dyes were in use by the turn of the century. Each town had its own typical form of floral design, but all of them were stylistic derivations from outside sources, from Timurid ornamentation to Moghul patterns from India. Their rich yet bold clarity of design and use of colour, always in combinations of unfailingly impeccable taste, are simply breathtaking. Hung cheek by jowl, they are quite overwhelming.

The Mayer Institute show is accompanied by excellent wall texts in English and Hebrew, together with examples of various stitches. Regrettably, there was no money for a catalogue. As shows of this quality are a rarity, this one should not be missed. Mounted by curator Rachel Hason, it will be on view till Feb. 28.

A late 19th-century Arab dress from the Beit Govrin area with an embroidered "bib," or chest panel, stitched in the Bethlehem manner and with strips of appliqué reaching to the hem.

THE ARAB embroideries at the Israel Museum are part of a collection the beginnings of which pre-date the Six Day War. Systematic acquisitions were then made by Karl Katz, Aviva Lancet-Muller and Zohar Wilbush. The late Ziva Amir, who died in 1983, concentrated on the Bethlehem tradition and the Museum proudly acknowledges that it was her pioneering work in collecting and documentation that forms the basis for its current show. Amir's best-known text is her 1977 book *Arabesque*, published by Massada. A catalogue of the Bethlehem embroideries, also the result of her labours, will be published early next year.

The Bethlehem collection features not only a number of ceremonial or holiday dresses, but the entire status-symbol outfit that accompanied them, from cape-covered, embroidered and bemedalled hats, to the dress sashes and the velvet and metal wire embroidered jacket worn under the cape and over the dress. Oddly enough, while each item of apparel is a stylistic unity in itself (the short-sleeved jacket is clearly Turkish in origin) none of the items, save the hat, in any way matches the dress itself; and to a contemporary eye, the dresses look better on their own. Indeed, that is the way most of them are displayed, there being anyway more dresses in the collection than anything else.

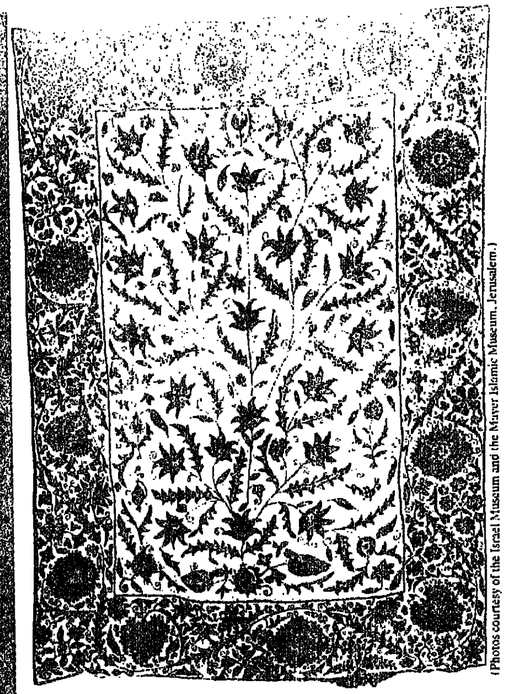
This essentially didactic show clearly demonstrates how the Bethlehem style evolved, reaching its apogee in the Thirties. Early photos of Bethlehem dresses go back a century. A special section includes a number of dresses from villages in the Judean Hills and the Coastal Plain that were clearly influenced by the Bethlehem style; several of them even feature Catholic and Maltese crosses worked into the bib or suggested in the applique running from waist to hem. Another notable element in the Bethlehem style is a motif that looks like a formalised clock or wood-mounted barometer and which usually appears on the sleeves. I myself am the proud owner of some clock motifs in which the "hours" are clearly marked off. Clock-like markings that appear in the bibs are used more decoratively, with the hours degenerating into decorative divisions that do not always add up to 12.

Curator Noami Bar-Am has also provided examples of how the backgrounds are prepared for the bib and other designs; and many of the basic dress material designs are also classified: these strips look like contemporary minimalist hand-edge paintings. For while the embroideries are fascinating in themselves, it is the overall effect of the silk and cotton dresses which excites the eye, the deep blues and blacks setting off the marvellous oranges and other colours employed in the inserts and appliqués. Some of the dresses have been cleverly folded to heighten the effect of abstract painting.

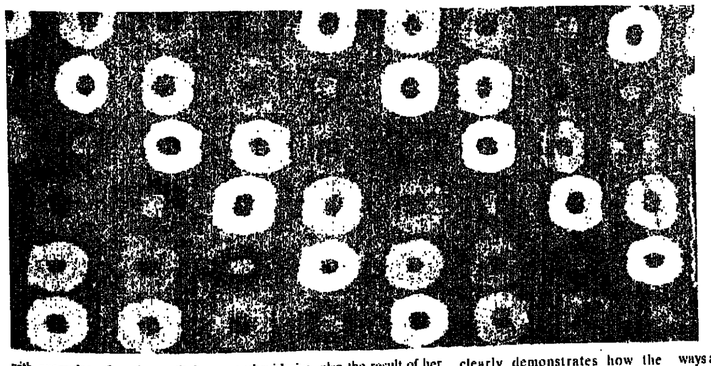
All in all, there are some 15 mannikins, seven folded dresses and 10 wondrously embroidered chest panels. Other early Bethlehem crafts are included: mother-of-pearl, dowry cushions, carved olive-wood, even basketware and painted Easter eggs. They are a cut above the mass-produced products familiar to us from tourist bazaars.

A symposium on "Traditional Motifs in Arab Folk Art in Israel," sponsored by Prof. Martin Peretz of Washington, a friend of the department of ethnography at the Museum, will mark the closing of this show next April. The forthcoming catalogue, in Hebrew and English, has been donated by Julia Forchheimer of New York.

It is to be hoped that the department of ethnography, now under curator Dan Eban, will eventually give us a similar presentation of embroideries from the Hebron area, where there were outstanding examples of abstract geometric colour design that would have excited the envy of artists like Klee and Vasarely. □

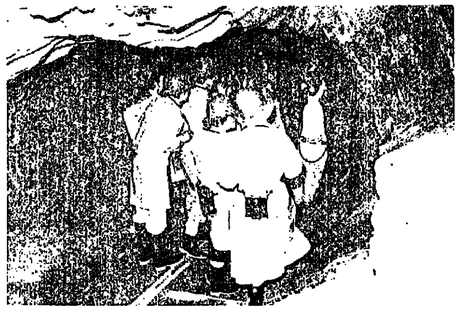


(Photos courtesy of the Israel Museum and the Mayer Islamic Museum, Jerusalem.)



(Clockwise from left), *complete ceremonial costume from the Bethlehem area, showing the local "bib" and Turkish-style jacket; a Suzani embroidery on linen from Uzbekistan; a century-old photograph of a girl from Bethlehem wearing a floral jacket embroidered in the local style; and, at left below, a modernistic-looking piece of ikat dyed silk with characteristic 'runny' edges.*

The Cape Coloured Coon Carnival Band parading during the city's centenary celebrations. Visitors to the Gold Reef City goldmine.



SOUTH AFRICA WITHOUT PREJUDICE: II

Alex Berlyne

THE BBC, planning this month's programmes to celebrate the 50th anniversary of its first TV broadcasts, was in two minds whether to include a sequence from one of the most popular programmes of the Sixties, *The Black and White Minstrel Show*. Performers in blackface are now considered as embarrassing as Stepin Fetchit's caricatures of lazy, eye-rolling blacks ("Feets, do yore stuff!") in American movies of the Thirties.

Picture then, your intrepid reporter standing on the steps of Johannesburg's City Hall watching the Cape Coloured Coon Carnival Band go by, playing "Basin Street Blues" and immaculate in white top hats, white ties and white tails. Moreover, these coloured performers were all wearing blackface in the best minstrel's tradition and clearly enjoying themselves tremendously.

In this day and age, and especially in race-conscious South Africa, where at that very moment Sowetan black militants and white (and black) police were engaged in a bloody conflict, the unself-conscious adoption of blackface by these self-proclaimed coons was preposterous. I'd not come across anything to compare with it since 1962, when the unbelievably-named Carleton Coon published, of all things, his *Origin of Races*. Nothing, it would seem, is simply true or false. I was beginning to understand that truth can be ironic and multi-layered.

John Barnes, the black mayor of Cleveland, Ohio, who was also attending Johannesburg's centenary celebrations – another surprise, although I was gradually becoming immune to this sort of thing – was standing next to me and I asked him what he thought of it.

He listened to a few more bars, enlivened with low-down blue notes, and then answered tactfully, "They're playing it very well, aren't they?"

In a later conversation, Barnes was more relaxed and revealed that after much thought, he'd come to the conclusion that what South Africa needed most was "a period of benign neglect" by other countries, during which all factions would be allowed to work out their problems.

ALL THE white tribes of South Africa took part in the centenary parade. Argentinian gauchos, British beefeaters, French winebibbers, Chinese drum-majorettes, Irish pipers, Peruvian Incas, Austrian yodellers, Dutch hurdy-gurdyists, Crotian dancers and Polish lancers – or to be strictly accurate, lancerettes – paraded for well over an hour.

Coloureds and Indians had their own flouts and orchestras; yet with the exception of the Zulu Imbali dance troupe, a jazz band from New Orleans and – the most popular with the spectators – a black municipal worker pushing a sanitation department cart behind the Indian contingent's two baby elephants, the black majority were conspicuously absent.

Some of the blacks who stopped to watch the parade go by strayed into the road and blocked the route; they were persuaded to get back on the pavement by a fierce police dog held on a short chain by a black handler – much to the amusement of the Taiwanese delegate on the reviewing stand, who giggled like the evil little boy in the Charles Addams cartoon.

Ron Snyder and City Jazz Band then struck up "When the Saints Go Marching In." The saint turned out to be a right-wing cabinet minister, who delivered a passionate if semi-incoherent speech that was very much at odds with all the jollity.

"I was born in this country and here I shall die," he declared. Well, I think he declared: what with the Afrikaner accent and a lot of humming and hawing and searching for the simplest word, it was difficult to piece together the intent of this latter-day Demosthenes. "I shall not pack up and leave because I am not a coward."

The Taiwanese forgot their inscrutability for a moment and looked puzzled, while I made a resolution never to criticize the Neanderthals among our own politicians again for, by comparison, I have to admit they are models of moderation and eloquence.

The minister was played off to the accompaniment of The Gold Reef City Show Band's lively arrangement of "There's No Business Like Show Business," which may or may not have been some kind of comment on the proceedings.

Councillor Professor Harold Rudolph, the young Jewish mayor of Johannesburg, was clearly popular with his constituents, many stepping out of the procession to greet him personally as he stood on the reviewing stand, to waltz him around to an oom-pah-pah band or to offer him a swig of wine.

After the parade had gone by, Hizzoner, resplendent in his gold chain of office, led us into the council chamber for refreshments. There he confided to me that he'd once used *The Jerusalem Post* archives for researching his thesis (he teaches law).

The august chamber was lined with portraits of previous holders of the office; I totted up seven Jewish mayors since 1970 alone. Running Johannesburg seems to be a Jewish trade, rather like tailoring was in Manchester.

THE WEEK-LONG celebrations centred in the Ellis Park tennis courts, where an international village had been set up. Members of each community, dressed in traditional costume, served food and drink, sold curios and displayed wares relating to their country of origin. I soon felt at home in the Irish pavilion where the drink and the wares turned out to be practically identical – Guinness and Irish coffee.

There was entertainment every evening, some 350 artists from 10 countries participating. Whether you can call the Afro Gugge Band, a subsidiary of the Swiss Gugge troupe, entertainers is a moot point. The Gugges (the word apparently means paper bag – more mystification) were so eccentric that they seemed to fit into no known category, which is hardly surprising, as they come from the land of the cuckoo clock.

To qualify for this gaga bunch, I learned, you have to own a self-made instrument and to be quite incapable of reading music. Moreover, it is considered an asset if the instruments are played slightly out of tune.

One of the most popular features of Carnival International, as the event was called, turned out to be our own Shalom Dancers, directed by Gavri Levi and exuding pure animal *hutzpa* in such quantities that if only it could be bottled, our energy needs would be taken care of for the foreseeable future.

Moshe Timor introduced the troupe and, unlike other spokesmen who had proudly slipped in a word of Afrikaans as a gesture to his hosts, delivered a long speech in the language. Alderman Alan Gadd, who had organized the carnival together with Richard Loring, looked a little stunned, but managed to pull himself together in time to introduce the next item.

This was my old friends, the Imbali Zulu dance troupe. We'd met an hour or two earlier in the Gents, where they were furtively adjusting their leopard-skin capes and calf-hide skirts, presumably in the absence of proper dressing-rooms. It is, I must admit, rather unsettling to have to make your way through a bunch of assegai-carrying warriors, each one built like a beer barrel, just to wash your hands. E.P. Vardy, my roommate, managed to capture the moment for posterity in a snapshot she proudly captioned "The Zulu and the Zayde," after Dan Jacobson's famous story.

The young Zulus were impressive enough when they were simply titivating themselves for the performance. When they actually began to dance, drumming their assegais, the short stabbing spears, on their shields, bringing their knees up level with their chins and stamping the ground in splendid unison with a tremendous thud that rattled my fillings, they were astounding.

This is what some poor Tommy, sweating in his red serge tunic, must have seen at Isandhlwana on January 22, 1879 – a nightmare come true – as the Zulu impis made the ground shake before they literally rolled over him and all the other 800 soldiers of the Queen.

Mayor Rudolph was so impressed with the Imbali dancers that he presented them with an engraved plaque to mark the occasion. They responded by roaring a song as the two horns of the group slowly closed around him in classical Zulu battle formation, until he completely disappeared from sight.

"That was a very special honour, circling round me as they did," Hizzoner told me. "It may well have been," I answered weakly, "but when they swallowed you up like that it took 10 years off my life."

BACK AT the hotel, I came across another unfathomable enigma from the heart of the Dark Continent. Most of the available channels on the TV seemed to be devoted to programmes in Afrikaans, such as Judith Krantz's mini-series, *Mistral se Dogter;* and the *Nuus* was largely incomprehensible, so I switched over to a broadcast from Bophuthatswana.

Listed as "Bop TV," this channel featured a video, presumably from the Bop Top of the Pops, in which a black singer, tastefully attired in monkey tails, leopard skins and ostrich feathers, pranced around a kraal that was decorated with human skulls and terrifying masks, like an old Tarzan movie set.

My equanimity was shattered, however, when this vision of savage splendour started singing "Ba-a-aby, I luv yew," accompanied by off-camera electronic guitars and a backing group insistently repeating the same declaration of undying affection.

Stabbing furiously at the controls on the bedside console, I turned on the radio, switching stations until I came across an English broadcast from Radio Highveld. But I only caught the end of a programme. "If you know anyone who is interested in stuttering," the announcer said, "this programme will be repeated at five this evening."

I was so unnerved by this announcement that I called room service for a drink, noting as I did so that the brochure proudly announced that "Southern Sun is putting all its barmen through a refresher course."

I found this loony ambiguity reassuring, for some reason, and made a note of it next to the sign I'd copied on the way from the airport identifying the "Kentucky Fried Chicken Training Centre," a concept that I'd wrestled with all the way to town.

What on earth do they do there? Does Colonel Sanders, all dressed up in a ringmaster's top hat and red tailcoat, teach *kamikaze* roosters to jump through flaming hoops or to lay ready-fried eggs while walking the tightrope?

The very next day, on the way to Gold Reef City, I spotted another puzzler. A sign over a store in Booysens identified it as "Safari Hardware," inducing more speculation. Do they cater only to Great White Plumbers whose pale-blue eyes are surrounded by a network of crow's-feet from squinting at distant ballcocks?

JUST A hundred years ago, George Harrison – no, not the Beatle, but an Australian miner – recognized an outcrop of gold-bearing rock on the Langlaagte farm in what is now the southern part of Johannesburg. Harrison sold his claim for a few pounds and then disappeared from history so completely that not even a photograph or a sketch of him remains.

Since he sold up, approximately 40,000 tons of gold have been extracted from the Rand, and I should remind you that the going rate today is around $420 an ounce. George Harrison has got to be the biggest *shlemazel* of all time.

Today, a memorial stands near the intersection of Main and Baragwanath roads, indicating the sites of the first claims staked out on the Witwatersrand main reef. An old stamp battery dating from 1887 marks the spot and is surrounded by the hillscapes of the mines. These tremendous dumps, which together with skyscrapers make the unforgettable Johannesburg skyline, are now being worked for the second time round. They are yielding about an ounce of gold per ton, compared with the four ounces originally extracted.

News of the strike spread like wildfire and prospectors poured in from all over the world to stake claims in the Rand diggings. At the beginning, the shanty town that mushroomed nearby was the sort of wide-open, rip-roaring mining town we're all familiar with from those movies set in the Barbary Coast, where a shirtsleeved pianist is forever banging out "Oh Susanna" on a honkytonk piano, while "dance-hall girls" and gambling men ply their trades, fleecing the drunken miners of their hard-won gold.

English remittance-men, the gentlemen rankers celebrated by Kipling, rubbed shoulders with other adventurers, while shyster lawyers, mining engineers and metallurgists from most of the countries of Western Europe, leavened with a sprinkling of Jewish entrepreneurs, formed a sort of semi-respectable enclave clustered round Doornfontein.

WITHIN A decade, a large town grew up on the reef north of Harrison's claim, its wide streets laid out in a grid pattern so as to squeeze the maximum number of corner stands into the area, the most profitable way for the government to increase its revenues.

"Like most gold-rush towns it abounded in anecdote and eccentricity," Jan Morris wrote in *Destinations*. "The sudden bend in Bree Street was said to have been caused by an assegai hitting the surveyor's theodolite; alternatively it was suggested that two men had first surveyed it, a German working in metres, an Englishman in feet."

Similar oddities still crop up. We stayed at the Johannesburg Sun Hotel, an enormous glass-and-steel skyscraper set among fountains and an open-air pool deck, three-and-a-half acres of lawns, trees and terraces. On the first floor, among the conference and banqueting rooms is what is probably the only public library incorporated in a hotel anywhere in the world.

I came upon it by chance, and it was as if I'd stepped through a door into a secret garden, or followed Alice through the looking glass. The library originally occupied the first floor of a parking garage, the librarian told me, and when the city council sold the site to the Southern Hotel group in 1983, a clause in the contract ensured that a public library comparable to the old one would be incorporated in the new hotel complex. The city's library service provided the staff and the stock of approximately 8,000 books.

By 1897, James Bryce described Jo'burg as "a busy, eager, restless, pleasure-seeking town." The greatest of all company towns, its true power resided in the great Anglo-American Corporation offices on Main Street, known simply as the Corner House.

With the tremendous wealth accruing from diamonds and gold, came the economic strength and the political muscle that the Afrikaners under Oom Paul Kruger needed to defy British sovereignty in two wars and to set in train the sequence of events which in 1948 led the Nationalist government to adopt apartheid as official policy and eventually to sever the last links with Britain.

Now that the campaign to adopt sanctions against South Africa is at its height, it is relevant to note that the country's real industrial growth began during World War II, when the Union was forced to become self-sufficient, and that the international arms embargo of 1979 led to the development of the local armaments industry. Their new 155mm. GS field gun, in fact, has put South Africa ahead of the world in artillery design.

AT GOLD REEF CITY, a short drive from central Johannesburg, one is able to get a glimpse of what the old mining town must have been like after George Harrison's lucky strike a century ago. The idea was to create a replica of early Johannesburg and to make it come to life with bars, authentic shops, horse and buggy transport.

John Rothschild, who dreamed up the idea, divided it into two levels: a lower city of 40 old buildings from Johannesburg's first two years and an upper city from the turn of the century, which together would provide a time-trip back into a living community. What gives it cohesion is the working gold mine at the very centre of the complex.

We plunged down the mineshaft in the cage, watching the daylight above swiftly disappear until it was a bright dot like the one that remains on a TV screen after the set is switched off. Then we walked stooped, with knees bent, along endless tunnels to the seam itself. Stretching for 100 km., the gold-bearing reef is tilted at about 45 degrees, so that the miners work in small shafts sloping up into the rock.

The noise of a power-drill in the enclosed space is absolutely deafening. There are huge underground lakes into which the constant seepage is pumped. Some bays contain boxes of dynamite, others first-aid equipment, and at intervals there are the "telltale" props which are supposed to warn of an impending collapse and hint at the price paid in human lives.

BACK ON the surface, everything looked unreal, partly as a result of returning to brilliant daylight. After walking along dim tunnels, lit only by our lamps, and receiving the occasional crack on our helmets, we needed a few minutes to sort ourselves out.

My disorientation was increased momentarily by the carefully-nurtured ambience of an earlier age. People were cycling about on penny-farthings; a pigtailed Chinese gentleman was delivering the wash in a wheelbarrow marked The Chen Kwan Laundry; and a number of comely, personable black ladies were wearing ankle-length dresses with starched white aprons and frilly mobcaps and looking for all the world like the unforgettable Butterfly McQueen playing Prissy in *Gone With The Wind*.

Peeking into the Gold Reef City Hotel, I noticed that not only were the staff wearing period costume, but they were using vintage telephones and typewriters. After so many hours spent in the anonymity of airport lounges and amid the uncluttered, functional design of modern hotels, the overstuffed armchairs, lace curtains and potted palms were a sight for sore eyes.

Near the pithead, there is an exhibition hall showing the whole process of extracting gold – crushing the ore, then adding cyanide to turn it into a sludge which passes over a layer of corduroy to which the grains of precious metal adhere.

I was particularly taken by the photographs of long-forgotten worthies lining the walls, and struck pay-dirt in my own modest way. The engineering department of the Kleinfontein group's central administration had posed for a group photograph in January 1907. One mining engineer, his Edwardian moustache slightly waxed at the tips and his quiff carefully combed across his forehead, caught my eye. The caption identified him as Mr. J. Orr.

Another picture, taken at Durban's Roodeport Deep in December 1914, also provided an unexpected bonus. The Underground Manager was called Mr. C. K. Pitt.

Watching the metal being poured into the moulds, and then handling the unexpectedly heavy ingots, I was surprised at their beauty, quite apart from their current value of $186,000.

The warm, softly-gleaming metal has always fascinated mankind, so I was hardly surprised when I noticed that the young men striking Krugerrands in the nearby replica of the Old Pretoria Mint had an almost complete set of gold teeth, rather like old Bolsheviks who have made it. Just the man for the job, I thought, and asked him whether he'd been getting any free samples.

"No," he replied, flashing a brilliant 22-karat smile. "It's all bought and paid for. I've always loved gold."

GOLD REEF City isn't remotely like a museum. Barry's Tavern, for example, was crowded with people slaking their thirst, including a group of perspiring young men in scarlet-and-gold brass band uniforms who had been supplying some of the period atmosphere.

Yet it isn't only a pub; behind the bar is a glass wall through which a turn-of-the-century brewery can be seen, its copper mash-tubs gleaming bright, the wort cooking away in the brew-kettles and bubbling in the fermentation-tanks before passing through the filtering lines eventually to be consumed a few feet away.

Barry's serves pub grub, as usual the best value for money in town, but many of the crowd clearly belonged to the "I'm only here for the beer" persuasion.

Nearby is a chemist shop, full of those enormous glass vessels containing fluids of unlikely brilliance and hue, its shelves lined with old-fashioned ceramic jars, each beautifully lettered in Latin.

A few doors along there is a branch office of the *Johannesburg Star*. Turn-of-the-century issues of the paper are set on an old linotype and printed on a flat-bed press then hawked through the streets by newsboys in knickerbockers, shouting the headlines of yesteryear.

A gun-shop, run by a dealer with the improbable name of Van Reenen Van Vuren, stocks a large selection of rifles, mostly Enfields and Martini-Henrys that were used by the British infantry in the Boer War. All of them are authentic, but they have been drilled so that they are strictly ornamental and can't be used to settle matters with your noisy neighbours. But what can you expect for NIS 50?

An attraction that should not be missed is "Friesland," the residence of Herman Ohlthaver, a senior mining official, built by the Crown Deep Company in 1898. It is completely furnished with authentic antiques and so full of the bric-a-brac of day-to-day family living that it is difficult to avoid the impression that they have all just gone out for a few minutes and that soon the children will return to the rocking-horse and the open stamp album; that old Herman will pick up his pipe and his newspaper; and that Mrs. Ohlthaver will preside over the tea things and the cakes arranged on the mahogany whatnot.

THE STREETS are lined with old buildings, a fresh coat of paint reviving their gingerbread decoration and wrought-iron balconies. Clip-clopping past the houses, shops and hotels over the cobbles is a succession of royal victorias, elegant broughams and dashing landaus. These beautifully-maintained, horse-drawn carriages come from the Sagorin collection; Issie Sagorin, who is now 72, trained the teams. The Sagorin family at one time owned stables on Ferreira Street, but moved out to Turffontein in 1932.

"My father Afroim came to Johannesburg in 1902," says Issie. "He had been in a Cossack regiment in the Imperial Russian Cavalry. He came from a little village in the Caucasus. When his time was up, he pinched his colonel's pistol and came to South Africa.. and that was about all he had with him."

Young Afroim, jobless and penniless, eventually got a job driving a three-horse bus on the basis of his career in the cavalry – a job, it should be pointed out, that nobody else wanted because the bus was frequently robbed. Not long after he started driving the bus, another attempt was made but Afroim, who knew how to handle himself, not only turned the tables on the robbers but gave them a good hiding into the bargain.

When he had saved enough from his wages and tips, he bought a share in the business from "old Mr. Levi," and kept the bus running by, among other adventures too numerous to relate here, beating up the notorious Australian Gang and dumping their leader in a water-trough.

Afroim eventually bought control of the rest of the business when Alf Makein, who owned the shares, needed £100 to bet on a sure thing.

"My dad begged and borrowed every penny he could, and managed to collect about £50," Issie explains. "He offered Mr. Makein what cash he had, with an offer to pay the balance in rent. Mr. Makein jumped at it. My dad was the new owner – and Mr. Makein's horse lost."

JOHANNESBURG's business centre is full of towering skyscrapers. One of them, built like the facets of some huge cut diamond, is a fitting memorial to Barney Barnato, Solly Joel, Ernest Oppenheimer and other Jewish enterpreneurs whose epitaph must be, "We're only here for De Beers."

I was once more overwhelmed by the unexpected scale. South Africa, contrary to my expectations, is an industrial and financial giant, completely different from Rhodesia or Kenya, with which I'd unthinkingly bracketed the country.

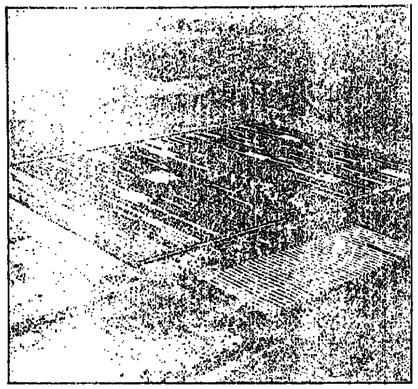
"The British South Africans, with their Jewish allies, built this great industrial power," wrote Jan Morris, "with all the massive complexity of a technological state, the steel mills, the car factories, the computers and satellite networks, the tax structure, the shipyards, the stock exchanges, the mines."

She might also have added "and a nuclear capability," just to give us something to chew on, as well as the universities, museums, theatres, fountains and statuary that are an essential part of any modern state.

It is a surprisingly rich country. The South African whites have created one of the most comfortable ways of life for the merely middle-class that

(Continued on page 16)

Segs appeal



"Hello, California? Jerusalem here. How's the weather out there? Sunny? Good; listen, I got an idea, get out your chequebook. It's just what you need: sunshine. No, I'm serious, we'd like to supply you Californians with sunshine, lots of it. Yeah, it's raining here, pouring, but so what? What do you mean, 'coals to Newcastle'? You heard me — *I want to sell sunshine to California!*

"No, no, I don't want to export the stuff, we'll use yours. In a way, yes, I'll be selling you your own sunshine. You still there? So here's what we'll do: we'll set up solar electric generating systems — we call 'em Segs for short. We can pipe solar energy into 65,000 homes. Hey, we're talking megawatts here. So we build these enormous plants for you — very funny, 'every plant needs a little sunlight', heh, heh — get serious, will you? It'll be *just* the thing for the modern California family, you know, solar-powered jacuzzi, solar-powered home computers, and the like. You got your chequebook? Let's see, ummmm, make it out for 500. No, million. Yeah, dollars. Right, eight zeros. That's including a discount. Well, of course it's gonna cost, you expect to get sunshine for free?"

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JOHANNESBURG OF GOLD

(Continued from page 13)

is to be found anywhere on this planet. No doubt this makes the hardliners all the more determined to hang on to their wealth, blessed as they are with the ability to put some very unpleasant truths out of their minds.

Yet, the overwhelming impression is that this land has been so blessed with natural resources that with a fairer, more equitable distribution there would be plenty to go round without any of the haves slipping very far down the scale.

SHOPPING IN superb stores along Eloff Street and in the various malls around the city, I gradually became aware that not only could I buy a good pair of shoes for around NIS 10, but that the streets were crowded with well-dressed, well-shod, well-nourished blacks who would make any Israeli crowd rounded up at random on Ben-Yehuda Mall look like a bunch of *shleppers*. This impression of comparative prosperity was reinforced when I bought some black newspapers, including the *Sowetan Daily Mirror* and *New Africa*, and found the classifieds to be full of ads for BMWs and Mercedes, cars out of the reach of most Israelis.

There is clearly a South African black bourgeoisie, however small in number. Any urban black in regular employment also seems to be reasonably well off, though it is well to bear in mind a number of things.

First of all, the South African black who works as a cashier in a bank or has his own business compares his lot with the immensely rich life-style of the middle-class white suburbs, not with that of Israeli workers.

Along the ridges overlooking Johannesburg are large areas of housing that would make London's Bishop's Avenue or Millionaire's Row look like Tobacco Road. These enormous villas, each hidden behind a demesne wall and guarded by electronic surveillance systems, boast Olympic-size swimming pools and acres of gardens, the sort of residence, in short, that only a Flatto-Sharon or a contractor who did well out of the Bar-Lev line could aspire to in Israel.

Moreover, there is a very high rate of unemployment among urban blacks and, I was told, there is real famine in some of the tribal homelands, set up hurriedly without a proper economic understructure. The only one who seems to be doing anything for these unfortunates is Ina Perlman, whose Operation Hunger campaign has managed to focus attention on their plight as well as raise funds to alleviate it.

AGAINST this dismal picture, you have to balance a number of other factors, just to complicate matters, in a way that has yet to be perceived by the articulate and ignorant critics of the regime.

First of all, there is a sort of substratum of poor whites, living in suburbs such as Bezuidenhout Valley, who are definitely worse off than the admittedly small number of middle-class blacks. Even more unsettling is having to come to terms with Pretoria's boast that "ours are the best-off blacks in Africa."

There seems to be a reasonable basis for this claim – not forgetting for a moment that in any normal society, the comparison would have to be made with their fellow citizens not with foreigners. In the independent states of black Africa, a fortunate few do enjoy more political rights than black South Africans, though others groan under oppressive and even murderous regimes. Yet practically nowhere are economic conditions as attractive.

It is a difficult choice: political freedom or reasonable economic security. So far, more than 1.5 million blacks have voted with their feet by entering South Africa from the "front-line states" that border on the Republic, creating one of those situations Cecil Day Lewis described:

It is the logic of our times,
No subject for immortal verse –
That we who live by honest dreams
Defend the bad against the worse.

A PLANNED visit to Soweto was postponed, then finally cancelled. Some time earlier, the exiled African National Congress leadership in Lusaka had issued an order to "make the townships ungovernable," and the latest stage in the struggle was a rent strike enforced by the militants.

Ordinary Sowetans, born with the uninaginable burden of being black in an apartheid state, were now faced with an agonizing dilemma. Either they refused to pay the rent to the council and were evicted, or they paid and were put to death by the militants in the most beastly fashion imaginable, the flaming "necklace."

Faced with civil insurrection, Pretoria has declared a state of emergency, the police and the armed forces practically being given *carte blanche* to do whatever they had to do. As far as I could ascertain from statements made by the opposition in Parliament, editorials in the press and the few stories that the censor allowed to be published, the situation was even more tragic than I'd imagined before I arrived in South Africa.

Simply put, the militants were killing blacks, the white police and soldiers shooting blacks, and the black council police – contemptuously referred to as blackjacks – were also mowing down blacks. To add to the butcher's bill that black South Africans were paying, since the blackjacks were obviously a prime target for the ANC and UDF activists, the score was increased whenever they themselves stopped a bullet, were hacked or stoned to death, or were given the flaming tire treatment.

I JOINED a group of the mayor's guests on a visit to Lenasia, the Indian township near Johannesburg, and attended a reception in the civic centre.

The event was attended by the cream of Lenasia society, as well as Councillor Professor Harold Rudolph's party of visiting mayors. I was interested to note that the two black American mayors, John Barnes of Cleveland and Goree James of Oklahoma City, had quietly buttonholed Steve Nkato, the black mayor of Dobson municipality in Soweto, and were getting the lowdown on the current unrest and the situation in general.

All I learned of the conversation later, when we compared notes, was that they had arrived at roughly the same conclusions that I had. John Barnes even appeared on TV to repeat them. "I don't usually agree with my president. After all I'm a Democrat," he said, "but after talking to my black brothers, I cannot support sanctions against South Africa. They would suffer most from such measures."

Before the official lunch, which turned out to be a disappointingly mild curry in deference to the foreign guests, an Indian orchestra entertained us. Instead of playing sitars, however, the musicians produced the same sort of squeals and plonks we heard on the soundtrack of *The Jewel in the Crown* from synthesizers and the ubiquitous electronic guitars.

Just as I was getting used to the plaintive boi-oi-oings, the orchestra suddenly – and surprisingly, considering the African noonday sun outside – switched to a spirited version of "Jingle Bells."

Anyone who knows Indians will recognize this sort of mild eccentricity, which was reinforced when I spotted an establishment across the square that was clearly labelled "The Good Hope Self-Service Cafe."

RASHIDA AHMED, the chairman of the Lenasia Management Committee, called for an element of objectivity to correct the distorted picture of South Africa. "Consensus politics works," she maintained, in an obvious reference to the new tricameral legislature in Cape Town, where Asians and Coloureds now have some voice in the conduct of affairs. "Agreement has been reached on a number of issues and has considerably increased the quality of life of the people of South Africa."

This high point of the event, for me at any rate, came when Francois Oberholzer, an Afrikaner and chairman of the Board of Management of Johannesburg, spoke. "We know that we have made mistakes in the past," he said. "We have to apologize for them. We have, above all, to correct them."

Well, they say that if you live long enough you get to see and hear everything; but I'd never dreamed that I'd ever hear a politician admitting the error of his ways. Before I left South Africa, I was to hear this confession repeated on a number of occasions by everyone from President P.W. Botha down.

The reception was followed by a tour of Lenasia conducted by Mrs. Ahmed and some other dignitaries. To convey some idea of the township, I'd have to ask you to imagine the choicest villas in Herzliya Pituah and Savyon multiplied a hundredfold and set down a 20-minute drive from Johannesburg.

New housing developments were still springing up, including one for the aged. There are a number of public swimming pools and an enormous sports centre that boasts 16 soccer pitches, eight cricket fields, eight tennis courts and the usual facilities. Lenasia also has two football stadiums, one of them enclosed, and – most ambitious of all – a pleasure resort that includes a golf course as well as facilities for windsurfing and water-skiing.

The final leg of our four brought us to the community's proudest achievements, the Hindu ceremonial slab for the ashes of the dear departed, which are afterwards disposed of in the river that runs through the resort (well, even swimming off Tel Aviv's beaches often means no more than going through the motions), and last but not least the new one-million rand Avalon crematorium.

Have you ever tried to make suitably enthusiastic remarks about a crematorium to your expectant hosts? Just as I was wondering whether I should ask Mrs. Ahmed whether it included a fire-proof store-room for records, like the one in Cheshire that I'd read about in the *Sale and Altrincham Messenger*, she shepherded us round the back, to the gasworks end, so to speak.

An attendant obligingly slid open the doors of the cremation chamber itself and, just as I was eyeing a suspicious-looking cinder, pressed a button. A sheet of flame filled the chamber with a whoosh! We all jumped back a foot and he beamed, gratified at the effect, as I suppressed an irreverent thought: What a marvellous place for a Tandoori Chicken Training Centre. □

Master showman

Text by Marsha Pomerantz
Photos by Erwin Schenkelbach

"THERE are some people who say once a tone is played on a piano you cannot do anything with it. These people are idiots."

Karl-Ulrich Schnabel, giving a master class at the Jerusalem Music Centre, is coaxing his student, Israel Gursky, 16, to moderate his tones by trembling lightly on the keys. Schnabel's pride in piano goes into *fortissimo*:

"The great thing about a piano is that you can let it sound like a clarinet, a French horn, a flute, a violin... But try once to make a French horn sound like a violin." (General laughter among the observers.) "They can only play their instrument. We can play a whole orchestra."

Schnabel, a native of Berlin, is a highly-praised concert pianist who has specialized in works for four hands – first sharing the keyboard with his renowned father Artur, then with his wife, Helen Fogel, and, after her death, with Canadian-born Joan Rowland. But he is also well-established on the master-class circuit and seems aware that classes, like concerts, are very much a show.

In the centre of the wood-panelled chamber at the music centre are two Steinway grand pianos, side by side, their keyboards cutting a diagonal across the room. The two sides of the room from which the keyboards can be seen are lined with chairs. At the peak of the session, there are at least 100 observers on those chairs and in the upstairs gallery. The ceiling is laden with lighting gadgets, and three video cameras are parked on their rollers at the far side of the room, but shooting is done only in closed sessions.

Many observers have brought along a book of Beethoven scores; Gursky is playing Sonata No. 4, Op. 7. Some avidly follow the scores, nodding their heads, occasionally frowning. Others merely beam into acoustical space, pleased to be in the presence of Beethoven, Schnabel and the joy of learning. Or pleased to be out of the rain.

Gursky plays the piece through once, without resorting to the sheet music. Schnabel says he has "plenty of technique," and that his rendition was "very musical" but sometimes sounded "hard and aggressive."

"You're playing for enthusiasm, for beauty," says Schnabel to the young man sinking into his piano bench. "This isn't a war. You don't have to kill anyone." Schnabel summons up a wealth of metaphors, exercises, gestures, jokes and stories both to get his point across to the student and to keep the audience interested and entertained. With the score open now, they work on the sonata bit by bit until, by the end of an hour and a half or so, Schnabel seems quite pleased by the progress Gursky has made.

Among the problems they focus on are a "weak" left hand – rare in the business – and a too-heavy *pianissimo*. About the first Schnabel says, "This is the first time in my life that someone plays for me and the left hand – which is perfectly easy – is not good. Usually it's the right hand that's bad... But whatever is difficult *you* do best."

On the subject of *pianissimo*: "It takes much more courage to play *pianissimo* than *fortissimo*. The only thing that can happen with *fortissimo* is that it's too loud. But with *pianissimo* you risk making no sound at all. The audience wonders: 'Will I hear or will I not hear?' It's much more fun."

Though demanding, Schnabel acknowledges that he can't expect everything at once. If the student is concentrating on staccato pedalling, he might slack off on the hand-work. The maestro has a joke for that, too: A trapeze artist is hanging by his toes 200 feet above the crowd and playing the violin, a Beethoven concerto. A man in the crowd turns to his friend and says, unfazed, "A Heifetz he isn't." Sometimes Schnabel's jokes and metaphors do not suffice. Then, trying to elicit lightness, he raises his arms as if to levitate the piano and says, "Not *ba da da*, but *ba da da*." Which seems to be the last word in music instruction.

ANOTHER student and two hours later, Schnabel, 77, is in his room at the Mishkenot Sha'ananim guest house adjacent to the music centre. He seems quite spry although he admits the teaching is exhausting.

Master classes are now popular, but when Schnabel started giving them in 1966 he was "a little ahead of them all," he says. Based in New York more or less since the beginning of World War II, he has given master classes extensively in the U.S., South America, Australia, New Zealand and occasionally in Europe. He is to give his first master class in Germany next May.

In the U.S., he points out, nearly every college or university has a music department, many of them performing. In Europe, most universities have no departments, and if they do, they specialize in musicology. Performance is concentrated in the conservatories, "and they'd rather die than have someone from the outside give a master class."

He's a little reluctant to talk about how he began giving master classes, but finally agrees: it was a case of hepatitis.

His parents were both musicians – his father a pianist and composer, his mother, Therese Behr, a contralto. "They both said that if you're a performing musician, you must never cancel a concert, or they won't have you again." So the younger Schnabel appeared even when he had "high fever, flu, bleeding fingers." But then, in San Francisco in 1965, he got hepatitis. He had to cancel four concerts – luckily it was toward the end of the season – and then he was incapacitated for six months. "I thought, 'This is the end'."

But he had done some teaching before, and called a friend who was active in music education to suggest the idea of master classes. Both the friend and his concert manager promoted the idea, and his new career began. Incidentally, he adds, all four places where he had cancelled concerts engaged him again the following year.

Eventually he decided to give up solo concerts – "there are 10,000 solo pianists, many of them extremely good" – and to concentrate on duo performances, which fewer do well, and master classes. He tries to keep a balance between the two. "If you play too much, they don't trust your teaching any more... Teaching is a technique too." But too few teachers are also performers, "and performance problems are completely different from musical problems.

"The amount of time lost by bad practising is unbelievable," he explains. "You get very excited about the music, and repeat things that are technically wrong." Most people practise until they get it right – once. But in fact, the more you've done it wrong, the more you have to repeat it when you've finally gotten it right – four times as much, in order to "erase" the mistake.

"I like master classes because I love audiences," says Schnabel, an unrepentant ham. "To tell a joke and have 50 to 100 people laughing – it lifts you off the floor." He likes playing still more – though he has a rather ironic view of the applause that comes at the end. "It depends more on the acoustics of the hall than on the quality of the concert. If the clapping sounds good, more people will join in." Of course, he adds, the acoustics affect the quality of the concert that precedes the applause.

IN HIS master classes he finds, not surprisingly, that the better the pupil is, the harder he is to teach. The students he'd worked with in Israel so far were both "very good and modest," but he is used to encountering some who contradict the teacher "not because they feel he's wrong, but because they want to find out the complete and absolute truth."

It is difficult for students to play in front of the master class audience, which tends to comprise professionals armed with scores. For students who are recalcitrant in such a setting, Schnabel sets up "traps" so that they *almost* make fools of themselves before the audience. "Then I build up a golden bridge for them to save face. After that, they love me. They will eat out of my hand."

One of the worst problems for a pianist is blockage. That has only happened to two of his students in master classes: they started crying when their minds went blank. In concerts, he feels, memory mistakes – the performer's greatest fear – actually tend to be forgiven by audiences, who identify with the performer. Even the most critical competitors in the hall will overlook memory errors to concentrate on tearing apart the technique.

Sometimes just talking about memory lapses tends to bring them on – and that is what makes some performers so superstitious. Schnabel has a bronze Buddha thumbing his nose as a charm to protect his playing. Also a smiling Chinese made out of porcelain, that his parents used to carry around. But once it broke before a concert his father gave – boding a horrific fate. It was glued back together and from then on, placed on the piano at home when his father was on the stage somewhere. After his father's death, the younger Schnabel used to call up his mother from "1,000 miles away" to ask her to put the man on the piano when *he* gave a concert. "I have lucky charms for walking down the stairs, also," Schnabel quips. It's like Olympus, with a careful division of responsibilities.

Most performing artists live in terror of memory lapses, but Schnabel believes that actors, for instance, do not have to call up emotions in such rapid succession as embodied in five minutes of a sonata. "We have to be able to play anything at any moment. We conduct our feelings as other people conduct their thoughts." And the feelings have to be genuine, or the performance won't succeed. Using associative procedures – recalling situations in which the musician felt a certain emotion – may be all right for practising, but it doesn't work quickly enough. "You must be able to synthesize feelings," he says. You can't think your way into an emotion, you must do it through the use of other emotions. The technique of synthesis is something he teaches students preparing for performance, "but not in master classes, where the student feels exposed.

"Most people think emotions come to them, rather than being made by them," he says.

To what extent does the piece itself summon up the emotions that it expresses? "To a much smaller extent than you would think," he says. "After you've played it 20 times..." Knowing that genuine emotions can be synthesized is a help in life, as well as art, he adds with a chuckle. □

Bull and bravery

Formerly in the collection of the now-defunct United Services Club in Pall Mall, the splendid military watercolours by Richard Simkin (1850-1926) have now been published by Webb & Bower: "Uniforms of the British Army," edited by William Carman, in two volumes, "The Cavalry Regiments" and "The Infantry Regiments", at £14.95 each.

THE BEST YEARS OF THEIR LIVES: The National Service Experience 1945-63 by Trevor Royle. London, Michael Joseph. 288 pp. £12.95.

FOR VALOUR: The Victoria Cross by John Percival. London, Thames-Methuen. 257 pp. £4.95.

Meir Ronnen

CONSIDERING THAT he himself has never served in the forces, Trevor Royle's massive book about post-war conscription in Britain (not the first and not the best) does very well indeed. It contains many revealing reminiscences. But every time one spots a serious error in a book one is set thinking about all the other statistics.

Describing the dismal experiences of the British forces in Palestine, Royle pays the Irgun and the Lehi an unwonted compliment in describing how they tied down the 6th Airborne and the 1st Infantry divisions (as well as two maritime reconnaissance squadrons, four RAF fighter squadrons, a photographic squadron and a supply squadron). For he cites the local population as only 55,000 Jews and 600,000 Arabs. Actually, by the end of the Mandate, there were 600,000 Jews in Palestine; and about twice as many Arabs.

When a booby trap killed a National Service Second-Lieutenant in an Old City tunnel, a fellow officer wrote from Palestine of his friend's life being "snuffed out by an underhand Jew." Royle quotes his letter in describing how the British soldier's initial sympathy for the persecuted Jew gradually evolved into "outright hatred."

Anger and fear among British troops were not confined to those serving in Palestine. National servicemen experienced both in Cyprus, Greece, Kenya, Malaya and Korea. For the most part, the young soldiers never understood what they were doing there and often arrived in a country like Egypt without having the slightest idea of what the locals were really like or how they felt about being occupied. The term "occupation" was, of course, never used (except initially in Japan, Germany and Austria, where British troops were at first all regulars and volunteers).

Still a colonial power when the war ended in 1945, Britain maintained a world-wide military presence; and a considerable airforce, which saw action in odd places, from Oman and Kenya to Aden and Malaya. Britain had air bases from Malta to Singapore. Some young RAF pilots were also national servicemen, as were most of the RAF Regiment, a shock-infantry-security force. Other conscripts suddenly found themselves naval ratings.

Most of those called-up were never in any danger. They saw the world, at a time when things weren't so hot at home. Some made a fortune in occupied Europe's blackmarkets.

What all the recruits initially suffered from was the apparently mindless nit-picking of the fierce (but usually fair) drill NCO's who were to turn them into the soldiers who, given the opportunity, often distinguished themselves in battle. A man who has never polished the eyelets of his boots or burnished a waxed barrack-room floor with his blankets tied to his feet cannot ever fully appreciate the utter anality of British army inspections; some soldiers slept *under* their beds rather than disturb the finished regulation-tidy product with its dust-free kit laid out in regulation order, everything folded to the millimetre.

But the result of all this was tremendous discipline and even a certain standard of hygiene, things I had found lacking in the earlier days of an often slipshod Zahal.

For the British recruit, faced with two years of variations on the theme of inspections and turn-out, there was a great incentive to look for escape through promotion; and the more educated conscripts were encouraged to apply for a posting to officers training school.

Many British combat units, in combat conditions, developed the egalitarian cohesiveness of Israeli fighting formations; but they were never ultimately as classless; the officers belonged to another world, to which they returned the moment troops came out of the line. The conscript officers also enjoyed sports and a social life beyond the imagination of their troops, as Royle makes abundantly clear. A few conscript subalterns won the Military Cross; one even got the Distinguished Service Order.

GOOD SOLDIERS can be made; heroes are born – and they are often difficult to detect until a unit goes into action. Some medals are won in anger, others in desperation, others (the most extraordinary ones) in examples of sustained leadership under fire.

How to measure them? Most armies, including ours, have three main grades of medals awarded for heroism in the face of enemy action. Drawing the line between them is not always easy; and in the British army, a unit with too many recommendations for "gongs" automatically had some downgraded to the measly "leaf" of a Mention in Dispatches.

In the British and Commonwealth forces, the award of the Victoria Cross has always been a rare event, reserved for some outstanding example of "conspicuous gallantry." John Percival tells the history of the award by quoting examples from all arms of the service, from the Indian Mutiny to Korea and the Falklands. Unlike other British decorations, which are divided into orders for officers and other ranks, the coveted VC has always been open to all; it has been won by a 15-year-old drummer boy and a boy seaman. As far as I know, it was won only once in the Second World War by a Jew, a submarine Petty Officer named Gould. He is not included in Percival's carefully broad selection, which takes in some of the many Ghurka and Indian troops who won the award. One New Zealander won it twice.

Not all wartime heroes make it in peacetime; Percival describes how some V.C.'s came to grief through being unable to live up to their reputations; or who failed in civvy street and took to drink. Of the 1,350 or so who have received the award, 300 were killed before they could receive it. Two of the four Korean VC's were posthumous, as were both of those from the Falklands.

Percival quotes the actual citations as well as describing the events and what led up to them. An enthralling read." □

Banished

WINNIE MANDELA: Mother Of A Nation by Nancy Harrison. London, Grafton Books. 251 pp. $8.95.

PART OF MY SOUL by Winnie Mandela. London, Penguin Books. 164 pp. $6.95.

THE JOAN KENNEDY STORY by Marcia Chellis. New York, Simon & Schuster. 281 pp. $3.95.

Calev Ben-David

AS THE world turns its gaze on troubled South Africa, it would do well to learn what it can of Winnie Mandela, wife of the imprisoned African National Congress (ANC) leader Nelson Mandela. While her husband has spent the last 24 years under lock and key, her own influence and prestige in the ANC and the rest of the Black protest movement has risen to the point where she is now popularly referred to as "mother of the nation."

This is the title of South African journalist Nancy Harrison's decent, workmanlike biography of this remarkably strong-willed woman. It makes clear that when 22-year old Winnie Madikizela married the charismatic ANC leader in 1958, she had already showed promise by moving from the hinterlands of the Transkei to Johannesburg, and becoming her country's first black medical social worker. Her husband was imprisoned for "subversive" activities just four years later, and her subsequent life has been largely a series of harassments and detentions courtesy of the State Security Police. In 1977, she was banished to the isolated hamlet of Brandfort, a sentence she bore with the dignity and strength of an Ida Nudel.

Part Of My Soul is a somewhat slapped-together collection of her own autobiographical writings, letters to and from her husband, testimonies of friends and comrades, and assorted miscellanea that includes the ANC charter and her banning order to Brandfort. Still, it does help round out a portrait of a woman whose personal and political lives have become totally merged in the struggle to end apartheid.

Her story bears some parallels with that of another woman, the Philippines President Cory Aquino, who also first achieved prominence by marrying a well-known national opposition leader. Unfortunately, this comparison will go up in flames if Winnie Mandela or her husband will be caught up in the vortex of violence that threatens to engulf their nation. There are ominous signs; she herself is quoted by Harrison as saying "I am so afraid that the direction our country is taking will mean total destruction before there is a new dawn."

MARRIAGE to a famous politician gave Winnie Mandela the opportunity to fulfil her considerable public potential; similar circumstances appear only to have stifled Joan Kennedy's chances for personal happiness. The ex-wife of Senator Edward Kennedy, this beautiful, sweet, unexceptional lady was overshadowed by the other Kennedy wives, Jackie and Ethel, and driven to alcoholism by the pressures of the media spotlight and her husband's repeated and indiscreet infidelities. She loyally played the part of the loving wife to help her husband in his unsuccessful presidential campaign, only to be cruelly dumped when no longer needed. □

Patron and pauper

SOCIAL CHANGE AND THE LABOURING POOR: Antwerp, 1770-1860 by Catharina Lis. New Haven and London, Yale University Press. 237 pp. No price stated.

Lisa Kahn

THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION. For many, it represents a watershed which separates a world of scarcity from the affluent society. In a capitalist system, for persons holding this view, poverty becomes an aberration, to be gradually abolished. However, for others, it means an impoverishment of large sectors of the population which is endemic to capitalism. Catharina Lis holds the latter, more negative, view.

The outgrowth of a doctoral thesis, this study of the changes in occupational structure and demography in Antwerp from about 1750 to the mid-nineteenth century deals with an issue relevant to the Western world today – the real nature and consequences of the Industrial Revolution.

Lis made an exhaustive study of welfare records and censuses covering the period when Antwerp changed from a labour-intensive textile manufacturing centre to a major port. The reports record not only who was on the dole, but often whence they came, marital status and age.

This information appears both in the text and in numerous tables and graphs throughout the book and in appendices. With one exception, (which seems due to poor editing), they are clear and useful. The danger of being swamped by facts, and especially figures, is sometimes only narrowly avoided, but the book manages to remain accessible to the interested layman.

THE RESULTS of Lis's painstaking research prove that in Antwerp, and in other towns for which similar statistics are available, economic growth not only did *not* create a rise in the material wealth of the general population, it in fact eroded living and working conditions drastically.

In the case of Antwerp, increasing mechanization elsewhere forced textile workers to accept lower and lower wages, and eventually forced most of them out of work altogether. The growth of the port and related industries did not help since they employed far fewer workers, and these only young, robust men, for a limited number of months a year. Furthermore, the necessary storage and building facilities took over once-residential areas, thus worsening living conditions for the working class.

Skilled workers remained in traditional trades (spinning, weaving, lace-making, etc.) as long as they could, then switched to hawking food, domestic service, or casual labour. Unskilled migrants from the countryside further swelled the ranks of job-seekers flooding the ever-shrinking market. Women and children were especially hard hit, unable to find any employment.

WHAT DID people do when they could no longer feed, clothe, or house themselves? They turned to the poor relief, funds provided by the city.

Often wages were so low that individuals with one or more jobs applied for relief. The pittance provided by agencies and regular wages fills one with disbelief. Most of the working class subsisted on below what is considered to be the basic minimum food intake, and worked under appalling conditions.

A number of private charities sprang up to help the "deserving poor," individuals aged or infirm, or families considered worthy of this beneficent patronage. These small donations served in part as a means of shoring up the existing social order.

Disbursement of these funds was even more strictly controlled than that of the regular dole. The latter depended on family size, employment, and wages (as conditions worsened, funds did not grow, and more and more people were struck off poor lists); the former were based on a strict checking of church and school attendance, personal cleanliness and especially morals.

If individuals had no recourse to the support of (usually equally impecunious) family or neighbours, they might enter a "beggars dépôt," where conditions were far from ideal: "Any infraction against the rules was punished by solitary confinement in dark, subterranean pits: fifteen days for those who swore, chewed tobacco in chapel, or were caught a second time playing cards; a month for those who smoked in the dormitories, the refectories, the latrines or who committed moral infractions...even prison regimen was less strenuous..." The rations were in line with the treatment.

Social Change and the Labouring Poor shows that the growth of capitalism can cause widespread social dislocation and giant leaps backward in living and working conditions. □

Wasp (Paravespula vulgaris). Nearly 50 superb insect paintings in full colour by the French artist Bernard Durin are featured in the large format album "Durin's Käfer (Durin's Beetles)" published by Schirmer/Mosel at DM 49.80.

Creepy and kinky

S. T. Meravi

THE LATEST novel by John Fowles, **A Maggot** (London, Pan, £2.95), is as intriguing in plot as *The Magus*, as playful in point of view as *The French Lieutenant's Woman* and as demanding of suspended disbelief as *Mantissa*. Then again, it's a bit over the top in all respects.

Set in England in 1736, *Maggot* deals with an investigation into the disappearance of a young nobleman, the apparent murder of his deaf-mute manservant (found hanged and with a nosegay of violets stuffed in his mouth) and a lot of other mysterious doings besides. Fowles is an acknowledged master at recreating the atmosphere and language of times past, and from his first book of a quarter-century ago, *The Collector*, he's proved a deft hand at kinky crime. The new novel is not without its delights in these areas.

But it is marred considerably by long stretches of Q. and A. inquiry, which on the one hand is not the most elegant way of telling a story, and on the other means that we are going to be told events at second- and third-hand. In addition, the investigation is laced with enough red herrings to fill a barrel.

Revelation, when it finally comes, may well elicit groans from many readers, although some losses are recouped in the form of a historical footnote at the end. Labelled an Epilogue and actually more of a personal statement than anything else (rather like something out of his collegian's jottings, *The Aristos*), the little essay is rewarding in its insight as to how the author's mind works and what he hopes to accomplish. That Fowles had to resort to this kind of appendage, however, suggests an admission that his novel has not accomplished all that he hoped it would.

In short, *A Maggot* is fascinating and flawed, provocative and occasionally tedious, better than most things around lately but from an author who has himself most often done better than this.

EARLY ON in Nigel Williams's novel, **Star Turn** (London, Faber and Faber, £2.95), the narrator says: "I think I'm going to hate this book." Well, I certainly did.

The main trouble, I think, is that the book is so earnestly well-intentioned (Lord preserve us from good intentions). Narrator Amos Barking, a British propaganda official during World War II, decides to tell us, for reasons that are never made clear, the story of his boyhood Jewish friend Isaac Rabinowitz. The story, as implausible as it is boring, concerns a foolishly brilliant assimilationist who, in a confusion of symbolism, is eventually mistaken for the fascist Oswald Mosley and is kicked to death by a mob.

Very exciting. But the meaning of this presumably heart-wrenching miscarriage of justice, like the justification for the publication of this novel, escapes me.

WITHIN the first 50 pages of E. L. Doctorow's new novel about growing up in the Bronx in the 1930s, **World's Fair** (New York, Fawcett, $3.75), the most significant scene deals with the family dog being struck by a car. Dog survives. I didn't.

Doctorow had me groaning over such sloppiness and redundancy as: "Most of these buildings and parks and houses were not more than ten or fifteen years old. It was a new neighbourhood." Or how about: "...short pants held up by attached suspenders." Or perhaps you prefer: "When he laughed he had teeth missing."

Neither these embarrassments, however, nor the family's trip to the 1939 World's Fair toward the end of the book, were enough to relieve the Chinese torture of what *Publishers Weekly* oxymoronically, or perhaps just moronically, has labelled "an immediate classic."

IN CONTRAST, Teresa Waugh's first novel, **Painting on Water** (London, Penguin, £2.95), comes as a breath of fresh writing. In a series of snapshot chapters with titles ranging from 1944 to 1982, Waugh presents a sadly bemused look at a rather typical English family. What happens to them? Well, what's happened to England since the hands of the clock swept past Their Finest Hour?

Waugh spins out her story with telling detail. Early on, as a sign that Mrs. Hadley is losing her grip, we're informed that: "She wore the same clothes day after day, taking them off carelessly at night and putting them on again carelessly the next morning so that she wore her old grey cardigan inside out on alternate days." With observation as keen as that, you know you're in for a good read.

NOW FOR one bit of non-fiction that strains credulity as much as the most high-flown novel. Journalist Nicholas Pileggi's **Wiseguy: Life in a Mafia Family** (New York, Simon and Shuster, $17.95) is an extraordinary report on American crime because the author had an extraordinary source: former mobster Henry Hill, who is currently living with a new identity under the U.S. Justice Department's Federal Witness Protection Programme.

In exchange for a new name and a new life for himself and his family (along with a $1,500 monthly stipend), Hill agreed to spill the beans. He had little choice: the feds were about to lock him up for 1,000 years, and the mob was set to spill his brains.

Hill, half-Sicilian, half-Irish and a Jewish convert (his off-the-wall wife was from a respectable Long Island family), was involved in (take a deep breath) arson, bookmaking, gambling, extortion, drug-smuggling, hijacking, fencing stolen goods, dealing in stolen weapons, forgery, passing counterfeit money, running stolen credit cards, hustling hot airline tickets (Frank Sinatra's manager Tino Barzie availed himself of $50,000 worth of these), moving truckloads of untaxed cigarettes, loan-sharking, union shakedowns, blackmail, numbers, assault, kidnapping and murder.

All of this, however, pales in view of Hill's role in two especially spectacular crimes: the Boston College point-shaving scam, and the $6 million heist from the Lufthansa facility at Kennedy Airport.

Indeed, as Pileggi makes clear, the creation of the airport on the site of the old Idlewild Golf Course was the greatest boon ever to organized crime in New York. With $30 billion in cargo moving through the airport every year, the mob quickly moved in, corrupted hundreds of officials and security personnel, and hijacked everything from furs to frozen seafood.

The 1978 Lufthansa hit, the largest single cash robbery in American history, and its eight related underworld murders, mobilized hundreds of law-enforcement officers. That led to Hill's arrest, his cooperation with the authorities, and this book.

The testimony is almost breathtaking in its revelation of corruption and crime. And since Hill is the sort of outlaw (or "wiseguy," in the local argot) who could earn himself a minimum $1,000 a week in various scams *even while he was in prison*, he's rather breathtaking himself. □

Mysteries

Benny Morris

THERE IS a new minor star in the mysterious firmament, for which we should all be thankful. His name is Elmore Leonard, and he is fresh, amusing and intelligent.

It began (for me) with **Labrava**, which combined many of the attractions of the two MacDonalds (Ross and John). And now we are given **The Switch** (Penguin, £1.95), in which a pair of ex-cons and a prototype neo-Nazi kidnap the wife of a crooked real estate dealer. The nab, however, occurs just as hubby is filing for divorce, which makes for complications. The writing is witty and thoughtful. All in all, more than a minor pleasure.

NOT SO Joseph Wambaugh's latest, **The Secrets of Harry Bright** (Michael Joseph, £9.95), which I was unable to finish. It almost inflicted a coma on me.

Firstly, it is just awful, like most of the Wambaughs I've read or tried to read in the past. He spends almost half the book trying to prove to his readers just how hep he is on current police talk.

"You could use a dozen downers. Save a little rocket fuel for re-entry..." Or: "I'm too stoked. ...Whaddaya think our hotel room's gonna be like? Room my ass. Suite! Soooooooo-weeeeet!" Or: "You look like Torquemada's got the hot pliers on your nuts..." And so on.

It might be alright. But the plot's so thin and cliched. Don't.

NOR AM I a great fan of Ken Follett. His latest, **Lie down with Lions** (Hamish Hamilton, £8.95), is also very trying.

We have a French Communist agent, his wife and her ex-boy friend, a CIA agent, meeting up in Afghanistan in a storm of Russian bombs. The Afghan background isn't bad, if you like anti-Soviet propaganda (I don't mind it), or if you like Afghani tribesmen who make Khomeini look like a religious liberal (I don't). It ends well – the Commies bite the dust and the CIA get their girl, but getting there is mechanical and, in patches, downright boring. □

Nightmare future

THE HANDMAID'S TALE by Margaret Atwood. Toronto, Seal Books/McClelland and Stewart-Bantam. $4.95.

Eti Mlinarski

THE TIME is the early twenty-first century. After a military take-over and the disposal of both houses of Congress and the President, the United States is transformed into the Republic of Gilead, the complete theocracy.

Gilead is not a place where most of us would care to hang around. "Islamic fundamentalists" get blamed for the assassinations, and Jews are given a choice fairly early on: Get out to Israel (which starts a run on ostensibly Jewish garments), convert or die. Jews at least have a choice. Feminists and lesbians, both classified as "Unwomen," get to clean up the radioactive waste, the "Children of Ham" are resettled in Homelands, and Gays and Baptists – among others – hang side by side on The Wall.

Margaret Atwood has portrayed an all-too-possible dystopia of the near future, all the more terrifying because of the obvious lack of futuristic technology. The seeds of this "brave new world" were sown when the children of the activists of the 1960s began to take their parents' struggles for granted, or, as in the case of the narrator, even felt embarrassed by them. Conservatism makes minute inroads: even after the bloody take-over things don't seem so bad at first... and once things do start to seem bad, well, they can't go on forever.

The slow process of Gileadization is one of the strong points of the book, especially as some of the background events have already come to pass. In 1980, during a one-year return to the United States, I met young women who just did not understand the technical details of knitting-needle and coat-hanger abortions.

THERE HAVE been other dystopias: *1984*, *Ape and Essence*, *Brave New World*, but *The Handmaid's Tale* is the first one where the fate of women is the central issue. The fates offered women in the Republic of Gilead are special indeed.

The Handmaid of the title, Offred, has been sent to the house of the Commander to bear him a child, as his aging Wife, a former television evangelist, is assumed to be sterile. It is always the woman who is sterile in these cases. Handmaids are especially trained at the Rachel Leah Center, and can be identified on the street by their red habits. Nun-like, they also only appear in public in pairs. They are for procreation, not pleasure; during the sex act the Wife holds the Handmaid between her thighs, so that the child will be born of *her* loins. A Handmaid's fate may sound unpleasant, but it is a highly sought-after position. It's better than being declared an Unwoman and sent to clean up radioactive waste. Every woman has to be something: If you aren't a Wife, Unwoman, Handmaiden or Aunt, then you're probably an Econowife or a Martha. Marthas work in the kitchens of Commanders and their Wives, and Econowives spend most of their time conceiving, miscarrying and going to fetus funerals.

The setting for the Tale is Cambridge, mostly Harvard Square. The Wall, where criminals are hung (those doctors who have performed abortions with a placard of a fetus, priests in their cassocks, gays – gender traitors – with a purple placard, etc.) is the wall around Harvard Yard. Of course these heathen names are no longer in use. The stores all have names like "Milk and Honey" and "Loaves and Fishes."

All this is backed up with little details that make our skin crawl. Handmaid training, where Aunt Sara and Aunt Elizabeth patrol the dormitory with electric cattle prongs. Women's inability to testify in court. The way dish-towels are still the same. Old copies of *Vogue* as a black-market commodity. The way the Bible is kept under lock and key so it won't be read by the wrong people: "The Bible is an incendiary device." Unbabies or Shredders. Pen Is Envy: Handmaids are taught to keep far away from such objects. Envy is a sin. Some things never change; there are still men whose Wives don't understand them.

THROUGHOUT this all, the heroine, still a young woman, dreams of her husband and daughter who were lost in a hail of bullets before they could reach the Canadian border. She worries for a Lesbian friend, and for her mother, one of the 1960s Feminist activists, who are probably dead in the radioactive muck. She discovers the Underground Femaleroad and learns that there is an underground and a password.

This is a world with virtually no hope. The only ambition most women have is not to wind up cleaning the dumps. Even a Handmaid who has not become pregnant after three "postings" can suffer that fate. The Feminist dream of Women's Culture is an elaborate ceremony among the Handmaids when one of them is due to give birth at its best, and an ironic ritual that takes place four times a year when the Handmaids, Bacchantes and Maeneads for the day are allowed to tear a rapist to pieces. The rapist is always a bound and gagged Political.

Most readers, if asked to say where the book failed, would say that the book deals almost exclusively with women. What about those doctors, blacks, Jews, Baptists, and Politicals? But their stories have been told again and again by so many others. Women have been written out of dystopias as they have been written out of most literature and most history.

In centring her tale on the fate of women, Atwood has written a book to leave the thinking humanist shuddering. □

POETS CORNERED: II

Edited by Dennis Silk

Yehuda Halevi

In 1140, the ageing and eminent Yehuda Halevi, or Abu al-Hassan Ibn Hallewi the Castilian as his contemporaries called him, embarked for Palestine. After a battering two months, he landed at Alexandria, where Egyptian Jewry made much of him. Eight months later, after a pleasant time in the gardens of Egypt, he again embarked. The record ends now and legend intervenes. It is not known whether he reached the shore of Palestine.

He wrote *On the Sea,* the Hebrew sequence translated here by Gabriel Levin, during the voyage to Egypt.

ADMONITION TO THE SOUL

Asleep, face nested in its childhood
pillow, how long will you slumber
there? Mind this: youth is brushed off
like fluff. Imagine such nascent days
lasting for ever. On your feet!
See how your white hairs rebuke
you like heralds. Rid yourself of Time,
as birds ruffle their feathers of last
night's dew.
Soar, dart, weave like a swallow,
unconfined, free of your masquerades;
free of the daily surge of events
that crest like the sea. Pursue your
King. – Come, enter the secret brotherhood
of souls flocking toward Jehovah's bounty.

From ON THE SEA

1.
Has a flood washed the world to waste?
Not a scrap of land in sight;
man, beast and fowl, have they gone
under, wrung on the seabed's rack?
What comfort to catch sight of bluff
or shifting sands – even the Libyan desert
would please. Stalking fore-and-aft,
I peer in all directions at nothing
but water, sky and Ark.
Leviathan
churns the gulfs white with age.
Drenched in spray, the ship's
snatched by the hands of the thieving sea.
Waters rage, but I stand firm,
Lord, drawing near to your sanctuary.

2.
Hard pressed for the living God, driven
to search out the seat of my anointed;
denying myself a parting kiss for my child,
family, companions; not even shedding
a tear over my orchard planted, watered
and pruned to blossom in abundance,
nor letting myself dwell on the memory
of Yehuda and Azariel, two lovely
flowers, the pick of the lot, or Isaac –
sun-ripened fruit, sublunary yield –
fancied as my own son. I have all but

forgotten the house of prayer and its study
room, my retreat; have ceased
caring for the pleasures of Sabbath, the charm
of my festivals and glory of Passover.
Let others – mere stick figures, if you like –
bandy about my high station
and good name. I've swapped my home
for the shadow of a shrub; the bolted security
of my gates for a low-lying thicket.
Choicest spices sated my palate – now
I reek of thornbush. I'm through
with scraping and bowing, for I've cut

a path in the heart of the sea. My sights
are set on the Lord's sanctum; there,
on the verge of his holy mountain, I will
pour out the contents of my soul,
beneath the doors of heaven, open the flood-
gates of my heart. My spikenard
will flower by the Jordan, my shoots
spread by Siloah. Adonai is mine. Why should
I fear, since the angel of his mercy
bears my arms? I shall praise his name
lifelong, and thank him for ever.

3.
Easterly winds rough up the sea,
blast the cedar beams;
gusts scatter
foam and flotsam. Crew
cower, helmsman
blanches, yardarm
strains to spread
shroud. Oarsmen
recoil from oarblades,
despondent, gazing
at brine
boiling without fire.
Midshipmen inept,
deckhands idle,
the chief-mate's
a brute, the look-out
blind. The ship bluffs
and leers, a sot,
barters its boarders
for a song. Now
leviathan from rough sea
bottom, bids like a bride-
groom his guests
to drink – for the ocean
delights in its booty;
and there is
no shelter,
nor any-
where to flee.

□ □ □

Waves whirl, are whipping
tops. Louring clouds
scud over the sea.
Sky dims, water
spumes, the deep over-
brims and spills
its tide
as the cauldron
hisses unappeased.
Then winds drop
and halve
the watery waste
into mountain crests and
gorges. The ailing
vessel sinks
and rises, the eye's
riveted to the sailors,
where are they!
But I hold
my peace, hoping
for the hand of Moses, of Aharon
and Miriam to draw
me out; I call
to my Lord, fearing
my entreaty a burden.

□ □ □

I gaze into your skies,
Lord, offer
supplications
on your altar.
I shudder
and yield to you
Jonah's
plea. I pluck
a sweet and pleasant
song of the Red Sea
rooted
in memory. I delight
in the deeds
by the Jordan.
The heart's
bountiful as in Eden
to Him who sweetens
the bitter, calms
disputing
waters, days of wrath.
Raise your eyes
to Him cutting a lane
through high
seas. His heart
warms the earth,
His breath chills
the air.

4.
Greetings, ladies, kith and kin,
brothers and sisters, from a captive
of hope. Ransomed by the high seas,
he's placed himself in the hands
of rival winds: the west wind
steers the ship forward, the levant
whips it back. Between him and death –
a step, a mere plank. He is boxed in
alive in a wooden casket without bottom,
without four cubits of soil, or less.
He squats, for want of standing room,
lies, but cannot stretch his legs,
is sickly, suspicious of strangers,
of freebooters and the spookish winds.
Helmsman and deckhands – all hooligans –
are the Pashas and deputies here.
The wise and dextrous – unless they swim –
have neither honor nor success.
Though my face is marked by grief
my heart skips a beat, for soon,
at the site of Ark and Altar, I shall
bare my heart to you, Lord,
and render to you who redeem the
undeserving the pick of my songs and praise.

Scribe (from the Rothschild Manuscript).

DISTANT DOVE

A distant dove flutters
above the treeline, un-
able to break loose,
lurches, swerves, wings
flapping, whirls in
a flurry round her lover.
She had thought one
thousand years the limit
of her time, but now's
ashamed, having harbored
such fancies. Her long
absent lover has harrowed
and driven her soul
to the grave: "Never," she
swears, "will I mention
His name again," but no
sooner said and her
heart's kindled like tinder.
Why be her adversary?
Look how she opens wide
her bill to admit
the spring shower of your
salvation; believing
with all her might, never
losing heart – whether
honored or bowed down to
the dust. Surely our
God shall come (round Him
rage tongues of fire)
and not keep silent.

Ornamental angel for sonnet.

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The illustrations are taken from Dan Pagis's *Change and Tradition in the Secular Poetry: Spain and Italy.*

Trunk crimes

WITH PREJUDICE
Alex Berlyne

FOLLOWING IN the grand old tradition of Conservative Party chairmen, Jeffrey Archer, who had somehow become involved with a woman of easy virtue, handed in his resignation last month and cancelled all his engagements, including a spot on a TV show. I was delighted to learn that his replacement on the programme was the Tory MP for Plymouth Drake, Janet Fookes.

Although it was the press that dumped Archer in the bouillon in the first place, the hacks seemed to have missed the opportunity so kindly provided by the honourable member for Plymouth Drake to get in one of their predictable, even inevitable, headlines. At one time, you may remember, Sir Vivian Fuchs, the Antarctic explorer, used to be in the news from time to time as he embarked on yet another expedition. The *Daily Express* never missed the opportunity to run a headline announcing "Fuchs off again."

Roland Barthes dignified this sort of thing as "*un rhétorique noire*," but it is actually no more than a schoolboy joke. The really dedicated hacks can never resist breaking some mild taboo by writing headlines such as "Pyjamaed French delegates rush for Chamber," which adheres to the Pee-Po-Belly-Bottom-Bum rules of childish humour and enables them to claim, like the late Max Miller, that any lubricious interpretation is the reader's fault.

These puns are possible only because many words have to do double or even quadruple duty. People, trees, elephants and cars, for example, all have trunks, as Aristotle explained. "For names are finite, and so is the sum total of formulae, while things are infinite in number. Inevitably, then," the old boy wrote in *De Sophisticis Elenchis*, "the same formulae and a single name, have a number of meanings."

I think the example of the trunk was better, don't you? But let's face it, Aristotle and Roland Barthes *do* give a bit of class to the column.

You have to hand it to the old Greek gentleman, however, for warning us in his *Rhetoric* about unintentional puns. Ambiguity and lack of clarity, he pointed out, result from *homonymia* and *amphibolia* being used carelessly. Could he have foreseen umpteen future generations of hacks who would try desperately to say one thing and end up with something quite different?

What Thomas Hood achieved in verse ("the cannon-ball took off his legs / so he laid down his arms") many hacks bring off quite effortlessly and, like the poet, enable us to see the comic in the tragic and vice-versa. Their finest work compares with the impunetrable prose of James Joyce, the playboy of the Western word; it's bloody bathetic, when you think of it. Joyce, by the way, is commemorated – quite unintentionally – on Howth head, near Dublin, where Poldy and Molly once lay among the rhododendrons. A sign asks visitors Not to Disturb the Blooms.

I'VE BEEN looking through my clippings from local newspapers and the examples are legion. Take crime, for example, just to choose one area of human endeavour at random. Vagrants were questioned after an unidentified body was found on the coast, the *West Australian* reported some time ago. "Sgt. Keith Jackson, of the Broome police, said that there was a big floating population around the town."

An even more unfortunate choice of words appeared in an item in the same newspaper when a certain Ryan had the dubious honour of being the last man to be hanged in Victoria. He had become, er, dependent on a priest in the weeks before his execution and, the paper claimed, Father Brosnan "had pulled a lot of strings" on Ryan's behalf.

Punch regularly runs cartoons based on the Mafia's unfortunate habit of giving associates who have displeased them a cement overcoat. Judge my surprise, then, when I learned from the *Hongkong Standard* that "Indonesian debt collectors" in the city have adopted the Mafia's *modus operandi*. The police intelligence unit were reported to be hot on the trail and hoped that "something concrete" would turn up in a day or two.

The terrible toll exacted by drugs somehow got lost in the syntax when the *Western Morning News* covered the trial of a young man who'd been caught with heroin hidden in his shoe. "He said he had paid £400 for it," the paper reported, "but was trying to kick the habit."

Another young tearaway had been sniffing half a pint of glue a day, the *West Lothian Courier* reported. "His girlfriend, whom he intends to marry, has stuck by him." When yet another zonked flower-child appeared before the magistrates, the *Stafford Newsletter* reported that he'd been found guilty of possessing cannabis but "a joint charge" against his girlfriend had been dismissed.

I felt that this item somehow connected with a premium offer which once appeared in *Garden News:* "How to get rid of Weeds – Pull-out-Chart."

MEDICAL matters, too, seem to inspire an unexpectedly large number of bloopers of this sort. A classic example once appeared in the Woodbridge, N.J. *News Tribune* which ran the memorable headline, "27 Dental Hygiene Students to Receive Caps at MCC." While we're in this area, let us continue our Ear, Nose and Throat studies by considering the case of the man accused of stealing candlesticks from Carlisle Cathedral. The case was adjourned, the *Cumberland Times* reported, "when the court heard he had wax in his ears." I hope he used the time profitably by joining the Knutsford Hard-of-Hearing Club who, the *Express Advertiser* claimed, are looking for new members "because they are sure there are a lot of people in the area who still haven't heard about the club."

A prominent local football player had recovered from a submucous resection, the *Hull Times* reported, quoting him in direct speech. "I feel fine," he said, "my nose is all right and, if picked, I'm ready to play again."

The hacks never miss. Time and again they scrape their paintwork and dent their fenders on a perfectly empty road. All they have to do is open their *Thesaurus* and they'll find a wide choice of synonyms, none of which are in the least risible. Yet kidney sufferers continue to get new heart, Herpes is the name of the virus on everybody's lips, and chiropody sevices are to be put on a better footing.

TO BE perfectly fair, not only overworked reporters fall into these easily avoidable traps. Educational authorities who, of all people, should know better, are among the worst offenders and whenever they publish details of evening classes or other courses there is usually some fallout. Theobalds Park College, Enfield, for example, offers "Glass Engraving from Scratch," a fine, full-bodied effort by a typical semi-literate pedagogue, while Bradford Technical College challenged this entry with their ad for a course in the theoretical and practical use of firearms, "Target: 20 students." While we're on this topic, I would also like to award a consolation prize, *hors de concours*, to the Salisbury Fencing Club which advertised in the *Andover and District News* that they "require new blood on Monday nights."

The classifieds are thickly sown with unintentional puns of this sort. A "1978 Fish Van with scales" was on offer in the *Evening Gazette*, for example, while a house-trained Dalmatian, "absolutely spotless," was advertised for sale in the *Glasgow West End Post*. Harrod's, as befits a shop that supplies goods to the Palace, employs superior sales assistants, many of whom have enjoyed an expensive education paid for by doting parents. They didn't seem to have got their money's worth, judging by their ad in the *Evening Standard* seeking an experienced person to work in the wig department, "good salary and commission, fringe benefits."

Advertising in *Modern Purchasing* magazine, Triumph International described themselves in exemplary fashion, I thought, as "leading manufacturers of corsetry with a rapidly expanding market." Their competitors, Wonderbra, also demonstrated a remarkable facility for choosing just *the* word from the range of available synonyms when they sponsored an event at Leighton Carnival week, the *Beds and Bucks Observer* reported, "by providing a cup for the winner." I hope that they will use some of their publicity budget to help Judy, "an 18-year-old, pretty, disturbed go-go dancer," who couldn't understand why she couldn't find work, according to *Social Services* magazine. "Her breasts sagged, she'd lost her job and Mr. Main, a psychiatric social worker stresses, she needed long-term support."

NOW WE'VE got to the ever-interesting topic, it would be unthinkable not to discuss one of the richest areas of unintentional puns simply on the grounds of prudery. Well, all right, it's not entirely unthinkable; "*Je ne suis pas toujours de mon opinion*," as Alfred de Vigny once said. After all, the ribald pun not only enables us to experience language as paradox but has a very distinguished pedigree that includes Shakespeare, Petrarch, Keats and Mrs. Slocombe of *Are You Being Served*.

The only difficulty is that I'm likely to hit the bottom of the paper and run off the edge before I even get going. I tried renting the space where the drawing goes in the column next door, but it was no deal, so there's no alternative but to hold the rude bits over till next week. Order your Bumper Yuletide Number now.

Birth, copulation, and death.
That's all the facts when you come to brass tacks.

Jeffrey Archer learned T.S. Eliot's facts the hard way. He might still be wielding considerable political power if blind fate had brought him together with Margaret Friend instead of the woman who blackmailed him. Arrested for prostitution, Friend told the magistrates that she was too blind to go on the game, the *Southend Evening Echo* reported. She had no sight at all in one eye and only partial vision in the other, she told the bench. "I can only see if someone is right on top of me." □

Prize idiots

THE FIFTH COLUMN
Matt Nesvisky

"LADIES and gentlemen, you'll recall why I've called this staff meeting. We're here to air nominations for the annual Fifth Column Blue Banana Awards. As you all know, these awards express public recognition of those creative and hard-working individuals and institutions that make our beloved country not only a republic, but a banana republic. Even though it's being awarded for the first year in a row, the Blue Banana, may I modestly point out, is already among the most coveted prizes in the nation. So great care must be put into your nominations. I'd like to hear first from our finance reporter."

"Thank you. Well, of course, there's always a tremendous amount of competition for the financial Blue Banana. But after long deliberation, we think it's hard to beat the company that has a total monopoly on the manufacture of a certain item and yet complains that all its profits go up in smoke. And on top of that, its chief get busted on charges of fraud and massive foreign-currency violations. We think that's a real multiple banana republic achievement there."

"Your nomination is duly recorded. Now we'd like to hear from the Fifth Column staff member who covers immigration and emigration."

"Yes, well, we were very impressed with the coordination and efficiency shown in certain aspects of population transfer this year. For example, no sooner do we import a former nuclear technician than we plan to export an Arab newspaper editor. We even understand that the same crate is to be used in both shipments, an act of economy that rivals that of the caterers at Elsinore castle, where the funeral baked meats did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables. So for forced but perfectly equitable exchange of personnel in the Land of Israel, that's our nomination for a Blue Banana this year."

"Recorded, and we thank you very much. Now turn to the little lady who covers the media beat. Do I hear a nomination for the best in banana republic journalism?"

"Well, with so many entries, this was a toughie. But I think we favour a Blue Banana for the one Israeli newspaper that was convinced the public had an inalienable right to know the name of the country's first liver donor. We appreciate the paper's violating the privacy of the accident victim's parents. We do feel, however, that the publication fell down on the job by not getting a colour photo of the extraction of the liver, and by failing to badger the parents at the funeral for their views on Halacha. But despite these failings, we still think the newspaper deserves its banana."

"And we know just where we'd like to stick it. Now for the Blue Banana in transport. May we hear from our transportation correspondent?"

"Thank you. Well, initially we favoured the charter pilot who recently landed in Aqaba instead of Eilat. But then we figured the Jordanians out-bananaed him when they violated Middle Eastern business ethics by promptly letting the plane leave. I mean, that was several hundred hostages they let go. That's an awful lot of arms and spare parts in ransom, wouldn't you say? I'm sure somebody's head rolled for that decision."

"Indeed. But have you decided on a nomination?"

"Well, we decided that even more emblematic of banana republicanism than delivering tourists to the wrong country is the initial experience a tourist has outside the airport. I'm referring to our taxis, where the only meters displayed are those that are perpetually out of order, while those few meters that do tick are muffled inside the glove compartment."

"I like it. Now may we hear from our communications reporter?"

"Yes, well, once again our nomination goes hands down – or should I say thumbs down? – to the telephone system. But I'd like to propose this year a special Franz Kafka Memorial Banana for the concept of cutting off an entire district's phones so as to get subscribers to come into the office to prove they've paid their bills. After all, how else should Bezek be expected to know who's paid and who hasn't? And when people complained about having to stand in line all day to report their phones being cut off, we especially admired the clerk who asked why they didn't just ring up with the complaint."

"Nomination accepted. Now for the Blue Banana award in a new category this year – environmental studies. May we hear from the Fifth Column's environmental expert?"

"Well, Fifth, we're terribly taken by the head of the meteorological service, who was warning the press about another very dry winter, even as 50 per cent of the average annual rainfall was sweeping his car away from the parking lot outside Beit Dagan. But frankly, we'd like to hold back our nomination for a few days. We want to confirm a leak – if you'll excuse the term – that the weather service is shortly to start warning about the water surplus in the country, the dangers of spongification of the desert, the need to find export markets for our surplus rain, and how if everyone doesn't keep his taps open 24 hours a day, the Hula Nature Reserve is going to extend itself as far as Rehovot, undoing the glorious Zionist achievement of draining the swamps."

"I agree the prospect of the country turning into one huge water slide is very exciting. We'll hold your nomination, as you request. May we now hear the nomination for the Blue Banana in public health?"

"Well, the striking nurses were obvious candidates. But we think even more reminiscent of Chelm, the sacred site of the original Blue Banana groves, is the Finance Ministry, which subsidizes the cigarette industry while cutting the budget for cancer research."

"Excellent. Then, with our usual Blue Banana Split for the Ashkenazi and Sephardi Chief Rabbis, that should conclude the nominations. Ballots will reach you by inter-office mail. God knows how long that will take, but until then, meeting adjourned." □

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A MYRIAD MINI-GEMS

Mia Farrow and Michael Caine star in 'Hannah and Her Sisters'; Woody Allen gets some surprising news.

WOODY ALLEN is at it again. Now that he is over 50, he is playing once more with the family framework, as if yearning to re-enter it. For years he has been the loner, the eternal Chaplinesque intellectual tramp, distancing himself from parents and relatives, and failing at every personal commitment in a funny but at the same time rather piteous way. All his films have been comedies, of course, but all of them, somehow, ended on a downbeat, leaving us a bit sadder and wiser after all the preceding fun and games.

Now, in *Hannah and Her Sisters*, Allen is almost optimistic at the end. He opens the film with a cheerful family celebrating Thanksgiving, and closes it on the same occasion two years later with the same family, which, in spite of intervening emotional upheavals, clings to the same basic formula for happiness.

In between, Allen has covered a great deal of ground he has visited before, from *Manhattan* to *Interiors*, from *Play It Again Sam* to *Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy*, and all the other films he has made as well.

Going through a batch of American reviews of this film, I was astonished not to encounter more often one obvious comparison: Allen has apparently tried to become the New York alternative to Anton Chekhov, a playwright and story-teller he loves dearly.

One traces similar milestones in their development, and Allen, carefully polishing his style, toning down his comic effects to achieve the perfect balance between art and life, striving for the sublime simplicity only achieved by masters, is clearly trying to walk in Chekhov's footsteps. Not to mention his insistence on *The Three Sisters* formula, which was pretty gloomy the first time around (in *Interiors*), but blossoms here under absolute control.

Or you could draw a musical parallel, and say that Allen, who started by writing solo pieces in which he himself was always the performer, has learned not only to enjoy composing polyphonic pieces in which all the instruments are given equal chances to develop their themes, but also to take a back seat and become a member of the orchestra, a component in a rich and rewarding universe of his own devising.

THAT AND more. If *Zelig* and *Purple Rose of Cairo* were brilliantly clever pieces about the essence of film as art, about fact versus fiction, reality versus imagination, the gloss of the dream factory and the drudgery of the world for which it produces its wares, here Allen doesn't need to put this cleverness on display any longer: It is implicit in the way he treats his characters, and in the way he develops his story. He knows exactly the right moment, like a Picasso who doesn't have to paint a *Guernica* every time.

As usual, Allen has chosen a milieu he knows *intimately*. Hannah is a successful Broadway actress, a perfect mother and an ideal daughter and sister. She is married to an agent who, by the end of the first Thanksgiving party, suddenly succumbs to the charms of her younger sister, Lee.

Lee is the baby, the innocent of the family, living with a much older, cantankerous European painter who feels that his intellectual background entitles him to treat everyone else as an incompetent fool.

Then there is Holly, the would-be actress, jumping from one project to another, one day opening a catering business with a friend, the next dreaming of thespian glory. She always fumbles her lines, whether in private, with men she likes but never manages to catch, or professionally, every time she tries out for a new part.

THE PARENTS of the three sisters are also actors, veterans still ready to shoot a TV commercial for the fun of it. He dabbles at the piano, playing old Gershwin and Cole Porter tunes; she dabbles more willingly at the whiskey bottle. They scrap affectionately and explode at least once in a revealing catfight which indicates that not everything is as rosy as it seems.

That, as a matter of fact, turns out to be the truth for all the characters. One often wonders whether Hannah's solidity, her taking charge and solving other people's problems, isn't a part she imposed on herself in childhood, when she was taught that as the oldest, she was responsible for the rest of the family.

FOCUS ON FILM
Dan Fainaru

Holly, Lee, their friends and their men, are enriched and given new dimensions with each succeeding scene. Allen himself, as Hannah's first husband, fills the part closest to his heart, and probably to his person as well; he is a hypochondriac convinced that the doctors are conspiring to hide the fact that he has a brain tumour.

Hyper-nervous and totally insecure, he is a TV executive forever doubting himself and everyone else. His Jewish *angst* reaches new heights when he decides that he should try converting to Catholicism, only to encounter an Irish priest who is suspicious of his weird, perverted piety. As a figure from Hannah's past (they split because he was sterile) he weaves himself in and out of the family plot; one of the funnier scenes is a flashback, in which he asks his best friend to lend him some productive sperm.

Just to keep all these characters moving for 106 minutes (the longest movie Allen has ever made) takes a lot of expertise and professional control. To make them meaningful and build up every encounter into a mini-gem requires something akin to genius.

Allen does it with an ease and a lightness that are more than commendable, superbly manipulating the strings in each case to show people who are far from ideal, some of them not even likeable, yet so eminently human and understandable even in their most obnoxious, self-pitying, pretentious moments, that you can't ignore the truth behind them.

AT THIS point, the acting has to be mentioned. An American reviewer (I think it was Vincent Canby) pointed out that the better the film, the less chance for the actors to be praised, for every bit of enthusiasm is reserved for the director. This is certainly true. There are even those who maintain that an outstanding performance only indicates that the rest of the acting wasn't so good, which means that the director wasn't completely up to his job.

Here he was. Yet without the talent he chose to work with, who knows what might have happened? Starting with Mia Farrow, whose soft, romantic appearance doesn't detract from the steel backbone that allows her to tackle Hannah's part, combining the lucidity and intelligence of wisdom with the emotion and devotion of kindness.

Barbara Hershey, mistreated and disfigured until now in so many incomprehensibly foolish parts, has kept a degree of wistful innocence, of purity and gullible trust, which are essential for Lee. Dianne Wiest, the least known of the three, practically steals all the scenes she is in, probably because her part, as the perpetually troubled Holly, is a much more extrovert one.

The lunch party of the three sisters, shifting subtly from one mood to another, deep affection easily turning into bitchiness, is one of the film's top achievements; while Wiest's failed evening in the company of Allen is a lesson in how to avoid cheap comedy.

THE MEN are as good, every inch of the way. Michael Caine, as Hannah's husband, has played this kind of role often enough, but never before has he been so subdued, so willing to show his less appealing and weaker sides as here, desperately trying to maneuver an affair with his sister-in-law while keeping his home intact.

Max von Sydow's imposing stature is just right for Frederick: Lee's lover, sneering at the feeble-minded dwarfs who cannot grasp the full meaning of art and the complexities of the human intelligence.

That he falls to pieces when Lee leaves him and threatens to commit suicide is only one of the turnabouts Allen engineers so swiftly to show the vulnerability of the giants.

And there is another important aspect, for von Sydow the actor represents the Bergmanian universe for which Allen has so often expressed admiration and which he tried to copy almost shot for shot in *Interiors*. Daring to show its underbelly and to look at it dispassionately may signify that Allen has gotten over his dependence on other masters and is now fully his own man.

Then there is the older couple, Hannah's parents, Lloyd Nolan (whose last film this was) and Maureen O'Sullivan, Mia Farrow's real mother and Johnny Weissmüller's sweetheart in the early Tarzans. They seem to be playing themselves, but at least as far as O'Sullivan is concerned (Nolan had a distinguished career in his own right), never has she ever been given a better part than the few minutes Allen devotes to her in this picture.

To say that by the end of the film Allen has found his place anew in this family, a warm and hospitable cocoon, which for all its flaws is still the best one can hope for, would be too much. But at least he has remained attached to it. Who knows what will happen to him next time? □

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EXHIBITIONS

Ketef Hinnom – Includes The Priestly Blessing. The oldest Biblical inscriptions and other objects.

A MAN AND HIS LAND · THE MOSHE DAYAN COLLECTION. (Goldman Schwartz Hall). Anthropoid coffins, human figurines, animal statuettes, and dozens of other artifacts.

Kakiemon – 400 Years of Japanese Porcelain Tradition, courtesy of Embassy of Japan (Selma Picciotto Gallery for Asian Art).
Animals in Ancient Art – The Leo Mildenberg Collection, spanning 5,000 years from the countries of the Mediterranean Basin - The Archaeological (Rockefeller) Museum.
Ancient Glass – Commemorating 10th anniversary of the passing of Eliyahu Dobkin (Eliyahu Dobkin Pavillion of Ancient Glass).
The Idea in Form – Silver table designs by over 30 internationally known designers from the Cleto Munari Collection (Palevsky Design Pavillion).
Three Japanese Designers – New graphics by Andoh and Enokido plus product design by GK Industrial Design Associates (Palovsky Design Pavillion).
Bethlehem Embroidery – Dresses and costume parts showing the development of this regional style (Margulies Hall).
Minus One Dimension – 20th Century Sculptors' Drawings: Including works by Giacometti, Picasso, and Brancusi (Barbara and Isidoro M. Cohen Gallery).
Big and Small – Relative size in life, art and the children's world (Ruth Youth Wing).
Jewels of Children's Literature – celebrating the 10th anniversary of the Ben-Yitzhak Award - outside Youth Wing Library.
Art in Context – Audio Visual program of development of Israel Art (Spertus Hall).
Permanent exhibitions of Archaeology, Judaica, Ethnic Art and Shrine of the Book with the Dead Sea Scrolls.

EVENTS

SPECIAL EVENTS

Tues. Nov. 25 at 7 pm **THE DAYAN COLLECTION:** Gallery Talk in Hebrew with Lena Charash.
Tues. Nov. 25 at 8 pm **BETHLEHEM EMBROIDERY:** Gallery Talk in Hebrew with Ela Regev.
Tues. Nov. 25 at 8:30 pm **SISTER ARTS IN THE POST-RENAISSANCE:** Lecture in Hebrew with Professor Murray Roston of Bar Ilan University in connection with his upcoming book.

YOUTH WING

Office Hours Sun. Mon. Wed. Thurs. 10 - 12, 2 - 4 Tel. 633-278.
Library Sun. Mon. Wed. Thurs. 2 - 5 pm: Tues. 4 - 7 pm.
Tuesdays at 4 pm: Storytelling and play hour in Hebrew, ages 4 - 10 with Biela Lipkin.
Wednesdays at 4 pm: Picture and Book programs with puppets and songs (in English) ages 3 - 6.
"Mili" Resnick Teacher's Training Center – HANNUKAH SERIES (In Hebrew): "Oil Lamps" Tue. 26/11 at 4 pm. Call 698-211 ext. 307 or Youth Wing Office for details.
Feinstein Recycling Room Mon. Wed. 2 - 5 pm, Tues. 4 - 7 pm.
Sun. Nov. 23 at 4 pm: STORYTELLING HOUR for children 6 - 10 in Hebrew with Menahem Regev at the Ticho House.

GUIDED TOURS (IN ENGLISH)

Sun. Mon. Wed. Thurs. Fri. 11:00, Sun. 15:00, Tues. 16:30.
Archaeology Galleries: Mon. 15:00 Judaica-Heritage: Thurs. 15:00.
Shrine of the Book: Sun. 13:30, Tues. 15:00.
Rockefeller Museum: Sun. & Fri. at 11:00.

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THE MAYOR OF 'VIOLIN CITY'

EVEN IF one lives not in New York but in Holon, it counts for something in the music world to have taught Pinhas Zukerman, Shmuel Ashkenazi and Shlomo Mintz. As was proved when Ilona Fehér, the Hungarian-born musician, who celebrated her 80th birthday some years ago, was invited to join the jury of the Indianapolis International Violin Competition last September.

The nine adjudicators of this most prestigious event were presided over by venerable Josef Gingold who, incidentally, had taught inspired master-classes at the Jerusalem Music Centre last summer ("I came to check if the violin is still a Jewish instrument"). Also on the panel were Henryk Szeryng, Ruggiero Ricci and Franco Gulli – all star performers; Dorothy DeLay, considered the leading violin teacher in America; Stefan Gheorghiu from Romania; Yitzah Ne'eman from England and Hidetaro Suzuki from Japan.

Ilona Fehér, teaching the masters.

Paradoxically, it was from the music column of *The New York Times* that this Israeli learned of Fehér's assignment. "Yes," she says matter-of-factly, "they know me better abroad than here. Last year I received a bundle of letters from all over – Germany, Finland, France, Belgium – from violinists who wanted to study with me. When I was abroad now I listened to them. They were all good. And you know what?" Fehér winks as if sharing a secret, "I've just sent them replies: No. One French boy, maybe. I have many pupils here and I want to be available for them."

Nor will she consider any of the invitations to teach at the most prestigious academies in the world. Although Fehér has a daughter in Germany, "I just cannot see myself teaching Germans in German. You know, when they gave me that big thing (she motions towards the King David award she received last year from the American-Israel Cultural Foundation in New York) I had to say a few words. There were all these people in the sold-out Carnegie Hall. So I told them, 'Thirty-six years ago, I could have come to America instead of Israel. I would have been very rich today. But the way it is, I am home.' "

FEHÉR HEARD of Israel for the first time from her husband, who announced one day that he had a brother there. A famous concert violinist then living in Czechoslovakia, she was refused permission to go to France for a series of concerts. "They offered the Soviet Union, Poland, Romania, but not the West." Although her life as a musician was free of care, Fehér was deeply offended.

"I went to Israel, but it was so hard here, so hard." She played a lot, all over the country, travelling by bus "standing up for five hours. And then at a kibbutz, after the concert, they would ask who was the better violinist, Menuhin or myself."

Still, she had to eat, and she loved music.

"Some young performers complain they are tired of playing the same works again and again. Well, I played the Mendelssohn concerto hundreds of times, but each performance was a new, wonderful event for me."

Eventually, students appeared, and friends. The late Oedoen Partos, Israel's leading musician, called Holon "The Violin City." (Like their teacher, Zukerman, Ashkenazi and Mintz were all Holonians.)

FEHÉR IS part of the fascinating Hungarian phenomenon in this century's musical life. Eugene Ormandy, Georg Solti, Louis Kentner, Ilona Kabos, Gyorgy Ligeti, Andras Schiff – all Hungarian Jews – are among the greatest in their fields. She studied under the celebrated Jeno Hubay at the Budapest Music Academy.

"In Europe, being a musician, I had no problems before the war or after. But I was sick of hearing that I was different from other Jews. Here, I am like everybody else."

She is convinced that nowhere in the world is such a concentration of musical talent to be found. Part of it has to do with Israel's being a country of immigrants.

"Look at Erez's parents." (Erez Ofer is one of her prize pupils, and his father and mother had just dropped in for a visit.) "He is from Syria and she is from Switzerland. This is good for children."

THE INDIANAPOLIS contest was won by a 19-year-old Japanese girl, Takesawa Kyoko. Has the art of violin-playing become the domain of musicians from the Far East?

"She was certainly the best," says Fehér, "and they do work hard. There's no shortcut. Today, even in Israel we are getting lazy. There is no such thing as not enough time." (Her voice rises), "One can practise at night as well." Still, "there are always a few real talents among those who come to this room."

A strict taskmaster, Fehér demands a great deal.

"Every lesson, for half an hour it is scales and exercises. And the student must be able to sight-read." And yet her pupils adore the small lady almost as much as she cares for them. Some of the youngsters she teaches free of charge: "You know, new immigrants, they haven't got anything yet."

THE MODEST *shikun* apartment is filled with photographs of her former students. The most recent addition is a marvellous colour photo of Shlomo Mintz's two-and-a-half-year-old son – with a violin. "He spends almost as much time with it as his father," Fehér chuckles delightedly, "and he recognizes most of the pieces Shlomo practises."

When she is abroad, Fehér visits her many former students scattered around the world. They are all doing very well, professionally and financially. Some have become estranged from their homeland, and this hurts their teacher, who lost most of her family in the Holocaust.

But for Shlomo Mintz, "home is only here. He still hasn't got any other passport but his Israeli one, she is happy to report.

A musician's life in Israel, though, is very difficult. The country is small, concert platforms are few. For the growing generation, the years of army service pose a grave professional problem.

"There are not so many really great talents, but these must be given special consideration. A few years ago, I wrote a letter to the army on behalf of a remarkably gifted student. You know what the reply was? 'We do not consider music a profession.' So what can you do?"

ALTHOUGH she has sat on the juries of several international competitions, Fehér is very lukewarm about the institution.

"But is there any other way? In Heifetz's time, a manager with a lot of money could sponsor you. At the first concert, the hall would be empty; at the second, full. But now it doesn't work."

Fehér's energy is legendary. "I finish teaching at half-past-eight, so come over then," she suggested when I telephoned for an appointment for the interview. Wouldn't she be tired? "I am never tired," came the immediate reply.

"There is not much in my life," said Ilona Fehér thoughtfully. "I am here alone, the place is small. But there is the music; there are friends, few but devoted. My greatest joy is to hear my students play well at their concerts. Then I am happy." □

GIORA GUITAR & COMPANY

Roberto Aussel will be taking part in the guitar festival beginning Monday.

"ALL OF A sudden, guitar is king for a day," says Giora Naor. Ten days, actually – in the annual guitar festival he is producing this year for the third time. It offers a combination of classical, light classical, jazz and folk beginning November 24.

Most of the events will take place at Tel Aviv's Beit Leissin, in the auditorium or the more cosy "upstairs basement," but venues include Jerusalem, and Kibbutz Cabri in the north.

Among the artists participating are two highly-acclaimed international performers – Shin Ichi Fukuda of Japan and Roberto Aussol, a native of Argentina. The rest are Israelis of various origins, many of them extremely accomplished but suffering from under-exposure, since "discovery" of the guitar has come late to Israel. Which is why the instrument needs this special coronation exercise, for however long it lasts.

NAOR has been called "Giora Guitar" and depicted in the press as a sort of Don Quixote of the six strings, given his single-minded promotion of the instrument. He doesn't play it; he just likes to listen. And along with his wife Lea, an English teacher, he has operated the festival on a mom-and-pop basis.

With the first two festivals they covered their expenses and made a small profit. It's one of the few Israeli festivals – maybe the only one – that isn't subsidized by anybody. They did get help from the Japan Foundation, through the Japanese Embassy, for bringing Fukuda here.

But the guitar, says Naor, is not included among the instruments listed in cultural exchange agreements, so it doesn't get any propping-up from foreign ministries. International artists who appear in Europe for between $1,000 and $3,000 an evening settle for a percentage of the box-office receipts in Israel. Why? "It's a challenge," says Naor.

Aussel and Fukuda will share programmes in Jerusalem and at Cabri, and give separate evenings in Tel Aviv. There will be a classical evening with Costin Canelis, Yoram Zarbib, Isidoro Roitman and Uri Bracha; a jazz evening with Baldi Olier on the flamenco guitar and Arele Kaminsky on the drums; a jazz and folk evening with Avner Strauss, Jean-Claude Jones, Steve Peskoff, Oscar Sher and others; and a concert with the Kibbutz Chamber Orchestra conducted by Shalom Ronli-Riklis, with soloists Abraham Spector and Orly Lavan.

MANY GUITARISTS in Israel are frustrated at the limited opportunities for appearances, but the festival, slowly, may be changing that. Orly Lavan, who will be one of the soloists with the kibbutz orchestra, seems to be satisfied with her performance schedule of the last three years or so – much of it sponsored by *Omanut La'am*, the semi-government agency that subsidizes appearances by artists in every nook and cranny of the country. She plays frequently with flautist Wendy Eisler-Kash, and occasionally with the Israel Philharmonic, "when they need a guitar." Last September, she toured in Spain and Germany with the Cameran Singers.

The festival, she says, gives a wider audience the chance to hear guitars in a range of roles: chamber ensembles, soloists, with voice and with orchestra. It provides the sort of PR that increases awareness in a way that a single concert cannot.

The belated interest in the guitar is the result of ignorance about the instrument's possibilities – not prejudice, says Lavan.

"Perhaps because the greatest composers didn't write for guitar," she goes on. "But some who did were – maybe not Mozart, but no worse than Mendelssohn and Schumann... And of course, much Bach is played on the guitar."

One of the problems was always the acoustical needs of a guitar, whose voice is "intimate and weak." In Israel, Lavan thinks, there's more of a demand for performances by groups than by soloists, except perhaps for piano. But now, with modern acoustics, the guitar has come out of the salon and into the concert hall. "You can hear every *peep*, even without a microphone."

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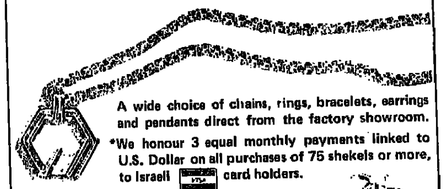

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SOME OF us go out once a week, once a fortnight, or once a month. The experience is a special one, and the meal is an event.

For the clients of Herzliya, in the heart of the busy commercial area near the Shalom Tower, a restaurant meal is a daily experience. From the way they greet the proprietor, one would assume that not only do they come for lunch regularly, but also that many of them have the same thing every day.

It is a restaurant that exudes a certain solidity, and satisfaction with itself in offering no surprises but food that people have come to know and like to get. Indeed, an indication of the restaurant's long-standing success is to be found in its name, which refers to the old Gymnasia Herzliya, which once stood where the Shalom Tower stands now.

The restaurant is pleasant despite the non-stop traffic that goes by on Rehov Ahad Ha'am and the adjacent Nahlat Binyamin. The service, by the motherly proprietress, is efficient and friendly.

But all this was to no avail when I put the first spoonful of soup into my mouth – and tasted pure soup powder. How is it possible, I thought, that a restaurant which seems to exult in its Eastern European menu could serve up a soup like that? The proprietress hinted at an answer in highly recommending the grilled chicken.

Perhaps even in this outpost of Ashkenazi cooking, the clients prefer chicken unsullied by the heavy laundering process that produces a rich chicken soup. The kreplach, I might add, were satisfactory and nicely seasoned.

My companion tried the chopped liver, with the aid of the basket of freshly sliced white bread that graced the table. This item, excellent as it was, gave the first indication that this Ashkenazi restaurant was Galicianer in style. The chopped liver was slightly sweet, and virtually every dish served afterwards also had its little addition of sugar.

This was true of the braised beef, tender and tasty slices of meat in a thick gravy. It was certainly true of the carrots and the squash that accompanied the meat.

It was also true, although perhaps a bit more appropriately, of my companion's braised turkey, served in a thick tomato sauce. This was an original and satisfactory manner of serving the big bird.

With all this came a plate with home-made pickles and fresh, half-pickled, cabbage salad. We washed it all down with a large bottle of refreshing black beer, one of the unappreciated highlights of Israeli cuisine.

There was a fairly large selection of desserts. Perhaps out of contrariness, I decided to order the vanilla pudding, just to see how a strictly kosher restaurant would handle it. The pudding was not bad, but the proprietress, perhaps sensing I might not like it, also brought me a piece of the apple cake that my companion ordered.

The apple cake was delicious. My one criticism was that it was listed on the menu as "strudel," which it was not. The filter coffee was the usual.

The bill for two came to NIS 39. Now I know how all those people can afford to eat out every day. □

Theatre Naomi Doudai

NOT JUST CHILD'S PLAY

SHNAYIM AL GAG BODED (Two Stranded on One Roof). Written and directed by Gino Dinterrona and Giaccomo Ravicio. Hateatron Leyeladim Ulano'ar at Yad Lebanim, Tel Aviv.

HAPITZUTZ BAREHOV AHALAN (The Explosion in Ahalan Street). Written by Daniella Carmi. Directed by Hagit Rakabi Nikolievski, Hateatron Layeladim Ulano'ar at Beit Dani, Shechunat Hatikva, Tel Aviv.

IN THE BEGINNING, children's theatre in this country was a kind of moonlighting, like appearing at bar mitzvas and weddings.

I still remember a Hanukka show in the Mann Auditorium when a well-known actor came onstage gorgeously costumed as a Spanish grandee, but gorgeous only from the ankles up. He hadn't bothered to change his street shoes. Today he wouldn't get away with that.

Children's theatre is now considered a serious professional and pedagogic pursuit. It has come a long way thanks to the standard set by Hateatron Layeladim Ulano'ar, the theatre for the young sponsored by the Ministry of Education and Culture.

As establishment theatre, it now levels with the Big Four, offering a seasonal repertoire and reduced subscription tickets for four productions at two different age-levels, the one for the fives to nines, the other for the overnines. The first two shows of the season fit into the latter slot.

THE THEATRE has to be congratulated on the liberal, enlightened and topical note on which it launches this year's repertoire. Tolerance and co-existence are the keynotes of the two plays under review. In these dark and dreary days such illuminating sentiments could, and should, be at the core of more than just junior drama. Nonetheless, even there, no matter how admirable and educational the intention, theatrically there is a problem. Do they, translated into theatre, work on the audience? Do they come over dramatically?

Shnayim al Gag Boded most emphatically does. It is concerned with cosmic catastrophe. The Big Bang is over. Still stormy weather. Two living creatures, castaways, crawl out of outer space. They find themselves afloat on the same roof. Not only are they former combatants and complete strangers, they don't speak the same language.

What follows is a wrap-up for a profound philosophic speculation – for those who can read it. For the rest, it is sheer fun. For, from this point, comedy takes over. First the two fight furiously. Next, necessity compels them to cooperate. Finally, reality forces them into familiarity out of which grows lasting friendship, until circumstances drive them to separate ways.

The production, text as well as direction, is the work of two visiting Italians, who bring from Turin's "Corner Theatre" an example of what is brilliant and best in the art of this genre. One of them, Giaccomo Ravicio, is also responsible for the music and the lighting. Original in concept, sophisticated in execution and superior in technical quality, as entertainment it equals anything to be seen on our bigger stages.

At first sight it seems influenced by Commedia dell'arte, but soon spills over into contemporary pantomime and clowning. Though it is riotously funny at the outset, the laughter does tend to trail off towards the end. If you raise the comic temperature too high to start with, it becomes hard to sustain the merriment undiminished.

Interest here depends on the humour, for with a slender storyline, no suspense and, apart from the beginning, a minimum of hostile conflict, the audience is held by comic mannerism and comic action. Yoel Drori supplies all that, in a brilliant performance as an exotic Asiatic, breaking all barriers of communication speaking a most expressive gibberish with tremendous volubility and pseudo-Japanese versatility. Combined with body language, cat-like movement, compulsive talking and compulsive clowning, his was a virtuoso demonstration of theatre as gesture.

Nothing quite so brilliant was demanded of his partner, Motti Shimshovitch, who, as the heavy, basic-Hebrew speaking slob of a sabra, plays his foil.

The evening – 70 minutes in all – was a riot from start to finish, though there were moments when repetition, supposed to be the basis of dramatic humour, did not pay off. As against that there were many more hilarious moments such as the incongruous couple boozing under a tropical sun and fanning themselves with scarlet ping-pong bats under a yellow sunshade. Here Anat Messner's costumes gave visual sting to the coming action.

Did I say something about a message? As an exercise in reconciliation of enemies, or co-existence remotely reminiscent of Robinson Crusoe, the effect was obscured by excessive risibility and actor visibility. As a depth charge, none of that was seriously developed, though maybe it was all there, implicit in the structure if you were subtle enough to get it. If not, more's the pity.

IN RESPECT of message, *Hapitzutz Barehov Ahalan* is much more morally earnest and thematically explicit. Despite this, it drops several degrees when it comes to dramatic quality and theatrical impact.

If the production was the work of the same professional promotion, the product was not comparable. It was plagued by all the problems that confront a school drama society – signs of struggling talent overshadowed by overacting and indifferent direction.

In this case they must be blamed, too, on Daniella Carmi's stage adaptation of her own children's book. Her reputation as a television scriptwriter is not heightened by this effort at writing for the theatre. Heavily didactic as the book is, children might just be better off reading it.

A bomb goes off in a supermarket. An Arab suspect is arrested. He is the father of Natasha, whose mother is Jewish. For the first time in her life, the child has to face an unfriendly street.

Natasha is a sabra, and no Russian. Her boyfriend, Jan, is. He, her Dutch grandmother and her Arab grandfather are equally objects of ridicule and alienation, outsiders who invite the child audience's comprehension, compassion, and toleration.

Noga Paz gives a persuasive and poignant performance as that sensitive, perplexed child of "miscegenation," the 12-year-old Natasha. Avi Hadash brought depth to the precocious pain of the boy immigrant; while Yael Bechor and Haya Pik gave bitchy and bawdy characterizations of respectively, Limor and Malka, two teenagers at opposite ends of the social ladder.

Tali Yitzhaki's set had style as well as being technically slick and simple. The show, however oversimplistic for adult consumption, may very well prove riveting to nine-to-12-year-olds whose taste has not yet been corrupted by computer games or TV thrillers. □

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This Week in Israel • Th

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EVENTS

1. **Jewish Mysticism – History and Trends.** A series of lectures in Hebrew for members of Friends Association of Beth Hatefutsoth. Lecturer: Dr. Yoram Jacobson. The price for the whole series: NIS 16. **Sunday, November 23 at 10 am.**
2. **A Handful of Flowers.** A study evening in **Hungarian** on the second part of Emil Feuerstein's book on the spiritual heritage of the Jews of Hungary. Participants: David Shen, Dr. Emil Feuerstein and Actor - Abraham Ronen. **Sunday, November 23 at 7 pm.**
3. **Screening of the film "Yentel".** The film is based on the novel by Isaac Bashevitz-Singer. Starring: Barbara Streisand, Amy Irving. Director: Barbara Streisand. The film is in English with **Hebrew** subtitles. **Monday, November 24 at 8 pm.** Admission fee: NIS 4; for members of Friends Association NIS 3.

For sale at Beth Hatefutsoth's new shop:
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Beth Hatefutsoth is located on the campus of Tel Aviv University (gate 2), Klausner St., Ramat Aviv, Tel: 03-425161. Buses: 13, 24, 25, 27, 45, 49, 74, 79, 86, 274, 572, 604.

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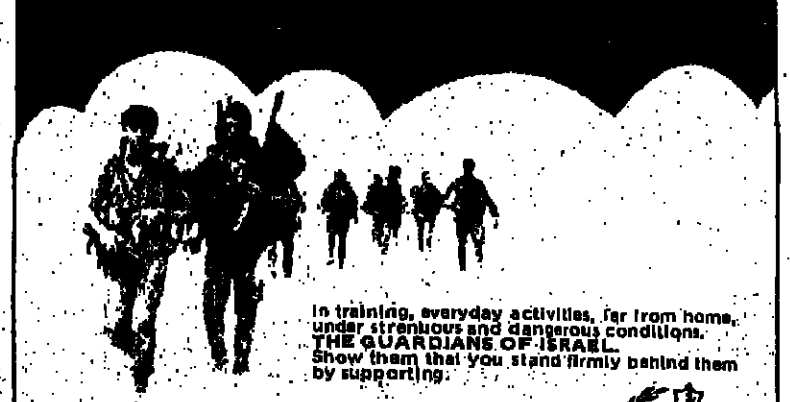

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Nature

Two-winged precursor

D'vora Ben Shaul

THIS WEEK I saw the first robin of the season. The russet breasted little European robin is one of the most charming of our migratory winter guests, and this one was, like all of them I've ever seen, singularly unafraid of me. It was sitting on the clothesline under a roof where I hang laundry in wet weather. It was pouring rain and the bird had found shelter from the storm. It just sat there as I hung the laundry at the other end of the line, its little black eyes fixed with interest, and moved only when I got about a metre or so from it. I was sorry to take away its shelter but within a few minutes I looked out of the window and saw it had returned to an unoccupied part of the line. Although they do take shelter in a storm, one often sees them in the garden while it is raining because they know that the rain brings earthworms to the surface.

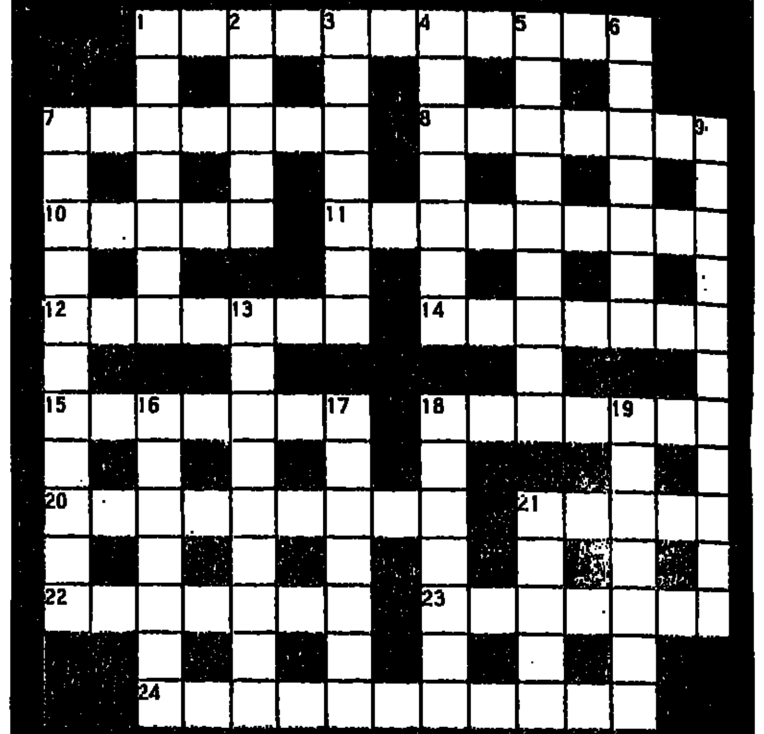
Somehow I'm never really convinced that winter has finally arrived until I see a robin in the garden. The robins that visit Israel in the winter are not quite the same as the American migratory robin, the familiar "robin red-breast" of American children's songs. Our robin is smaller and does not have the puffed out breast that makes the American robin strut on the lawn like a general displaying the medals on his chest. The European robin is more rusty breasted than red and has a body build like the thrush or nightingale, the family to which both types belong.

ROBINS feed mostly on worms and insects and therefore, in both hemispheres, they seek warmer areas where the snows don't deprive them of food. They also eat some fruits and seeds but are still basically insect hunters.

Both the European and the American robin build their nests in their summer area. While the American bird, which nests all over America and right up to the tree line in Canada, builds a cup-shaped nest in shrubs and trees, its European relative builds near, and sometimes right on, the ground. The young birds are cared for by both parents and they are highly territorial and quarrelsome among themselves. The males often get so heated up in battle that one could simply bend down and pick both of them up, as they are oblivious to all but the struggle.

Not all robins are red-breasted, however, and it always comes as a surprise to see that the Siberian robin, a very close relative of the two mentioned here, is blue-breasted. It looks like a robin and it is a robin but somehow "robin blue-breast" just doesn't sound right to me. □

Crosswords



Two-in-one

ACROSS

1 On fire—impossible! (6,5)
7 No halo, but circle over holy mans' head (7)
8 Flirt to complain (5,2)
10 First bit of Welsh party dress for Scotsman (5)
11 Pass over lions, one is in crash (9)
12 Our compliance is expected in the capture of such a person (7)
14 Found right behind him in a race! (7)
15 A failure to clean (7)
18 Tide may turn after dawn (7)
20 Had a wild old time—orders tie-breaker (9)
21 Please point out bad slip (5)
22 Beams falling on one may cause such injury (7)
23 Ultimately, run from Berne with tin weights (7)
24 Grand entertainment where the food is served with caper sauce? (6,5)

DOWN

1 Lass Dan ruined found with straps on her feet! (7)
2 Start to work for a steel company, perhaps (5)
3 Refined sugar remains sweet (7)
4 Get a gun ready, going after the French fish with shells (7)
5 State it wasn't part of old America (9)
6 Why? Are I mad? Yes, crazy! (7)
7 Listen in on how to play soft piano music? (3,3,5)
9 It's all the same, in spite of that! (11)
13 Get in reverse order (5,4)
16 Sausage meat must be—must be before it can become sausages (7)
17 Roman playwright dancing round Centre Point (7)
18 By reason, worked out it's taken from pay minus this first (7)
19 Beg one to elevate Mrs Thatcher to new role . . . (7)
21 . . . And fifty-nine elevate Communist chief (5)

Quickie

ACROSS

1 Disney character (6,5)
7 Separating (7)
8 Become aware of (7)
10 British Indian hero (5)
11 Astronomical unit (5-4)
12 Royal persons (7)
14 Extend (7)
15 Works at a till (7)
18 Attached to motor-bike (7)
20 E.g., dynamite (9)
21 Make a demand (5)
22 Free from germs (7)
23 Broadcast (7)
24 Ship's emergency stabiliser (5 6)

DOWN

1 Alcoholic drink (7)
2 Ring, as a clock (5)
3 Swallows up (7)
4 Desert hallucinations (7)
5 Not changed (9)
6 Obvious (7)
7 They steal from clothes (11)
9 Small quake (5,6)
13 Old-fashioned dress (9)
16 Late meals (7)
17 Clothing (7)
18 US hat (7)
19 Talk idly (7)
21 Come violently together (5)

Yesterday's solutions

Yesterday's Quick Solution

ACROSS: 1 Wring, 4 Lieder, 9 Lacking, 10 Tacit, 11 Earl, 12 Earnest, 13 See, 14 Heat, 16 Sash, 18 Apt, 20 Batsman, 21 Late, 24 Usage, 25 Lissome, 26 Dither, 27 Erect. DOWN: 1 Wallet, 2 Incur, 3 Grip, 5 Interest, 6 Dickens, 7 Rotate, 8 Agree, 13 Stampede, 15 Extract, 17 Absurd, 18 Angle, 19 Defect, 22 Alone, 23 Isle.

Solutions to the crosswords appear in Sunday's Jerusalem Post.

TV and Radio Judy Siegel-Itzkovich

Scene from Friday's film, 'L'Homme Qui Aimait Les Femmes.'

Choice pickings

FRIDAY

10.15 p.m. – ITV, **L'Homme Qui Aimait Les Femmes** (The Man Who Loved Women), starring Charles Denner, Brigitte Fossey and Leslie Caron, about an engineer in his 40s whose real passion, and problem, was women.
11.05 p.m. Kol Yisrael Second Network, **Between Friday and Saturday,** a chat between host Yitzhak Livni and journalist Roman Frister, on "new journalism," being "Polish," changes in the afternoon press, etc.

SATURDAY

5 p.m. Arabic TV – **Music Hall,** a four-part show about daily life in a Paris theatre in 1938, staring Simone Signoret, the last role she played before her death.
6.30 p.m. Arabic TV – **For the Family,** talks about lack of faith in the banks; a school for the deaf for Arab and Jewish children in Jerusalem; an exhibition of modern furniture.
10.05 p.m. Kol Yisrael First Network – Profile of the author Arye Lifschitz of the Third Aliya.
10.30 p.m. ITV – **Les Enfants Du Paradis** (Children of Paradise), produced in France during World War II, dealing with the bohemian world and crime in France in the mid-19th century. First of two parts.

SUNDAY

Kol Yisrael's Voice of Music starts a new schedule, including explanations of classical music, profiles of composers, the history of Western music, recordings from youth concerts, light classical music, series of music by Haydn, Beethoven, etc., lectures and programmes from the Jerusalem Music Centre.
11.30 a.m. Kol Yisrael Second Network, today and every weekday, **Safe Journey,** a programme on traffic safety, 10 minutes of discussions, commentary and analysis. The show, hosted by Gideon Hod, returns from a vacation.
6.45 p.m. Arabic TV – **Innovations and Inventions,** how to save water at home, a motorized wheel chair with new apparatus, very mobile hand-powered wheel chair.
8.02 p.m. ITV – **Till Pop,** magazine highlighting music of Nurit Galron and the Tango group.
11.15 p.m. ITV – **The Chelsea Murders,** last part of six-part thriller. Mary the journalist assembles her friends to reveal the identity of the murderer.

MONDAY

3.15 p.m. Educational TV – **Family Problems,** the Merhavi family, including the three children, come to the studio for advice on a family problem from a psychologist, Ahi Yotam.
5.55 p.m. ITV – **Hoppa Hey,** entertainment programme for children with Tzippy Shavit, broadcast from Haifa. Guests: Rivka Zohar, acrobats.
8.02 p.m. ITV – **Allegro,** musical quiz. The first show of the fourth season, filmed before an audience at the Jerusalem Theatre, with the Jerusalem Symphony/Broadcasting Authority Orchestra.
10.50 p.m. ITV – **Montand à la Une,** French TV programme about Yves Montand, his memories of childhood, the Resistance during World War II his life with Simone Signoret, and his political views.

TUESDAY

3.30 p.m. Educational TV, **World of a Dancer,** The "high priestess" of modern dance, Martha Graham, describes the life of the dancer, with illustrations by her company.
4.14 p.m. Educational TV – **Playhouse** – fairy tale by Michael Bartlett. Grandfather Time argues with February 28, saying sundials should be used again.

WEDNESDAY

4.25 p.m. Educational TV, **TV Game,** Youngsters aged 14 - 17 pit their wits against each other with the help of computers.
5.30 ITV – **Figures Eights,** Live broadcast for kids, showing five youngsters from various parts of the country who describe their life and ambitions.
7 p.m. Arabic TV – **Health Magazine** – on skin, burns, skin diseases, artificial skin, eczema.
10 p.m. ITV – **A Wedding,** movie directed by Robert Altman, starring Mia Farrow, Desi Arnaz, Jr., Dina Merrill, Carol Burnett, Vittorio Gassman, Geraldine Chaplin, Lilian Gish.

THURSDAY

3.25 p.m. Educational TV, **Sesame Street.** A dance is nice, but what do you do if you don't know how to dance? Also, a special concert for a trio of elephants.
5.30 p.m. Kol Yisrael Second Network, **On Numbers and Persons.** Economics magazine edited by Yitzhak Tishler.
9.30 p.m. ITV – **Antropology on Trial,** a documentary taking a critical view of anthropology, especially the work of Margaret Mead.

THIS WEEK'S Friday feature film is Francois Truffaut's **L'Homme Qui Aimait Les Femmes** (The Man Who Loved Women), starring Charles Denner, Leslie Caron and Brigitte Fossey. It begins at the end, with the burial of Bertrand Morane, an engineer at France's Institute of Fluid Mechanics. He had had an absorbing job, experimenting on the effects of atmospheric turbulence on planes and boats, but he forgot about it the moment he left the lab. His real passion was women, redhead, blonde or brunette; young or old; single, married or widowed. He wasn't a playboy, but a lonely hunter, and his insatiable search led to his death. (ITV, 10.15 p.m.)

Tomorrow night's movie is also a French one, to be screened in two parts. It is one of the most famous films of all time, the classic **Les Enfants du Paradis** (Children of Paradise), made in France during World War II. Starring Jean Louis Barrault and Pierre Brasseur, it deals with criminal and bohemian life in the middle of the last century. (ITV, Saturday, 10.30 p.m.)

THOSE WHO can listen to radio at 8 a.m. weekdays and enjoy being "in the know," should like the new radio team-up of Shalom Kital and Gabi Gazit in **Making an Issue** on Monday mornings. With one in Jerusalem and the other in the Tel Aviv studio, they present the views of the two cities, and conduct interviews in between their dialogues, based on matters in the news. Listeners will be asked to make their views known; experts will offer advice. Simulation games involving events that may take place during the day are offered. (Israel Radio, Second programme, Monday 8 a.m.)

Yves Montand, the famous French singer and actor, lived for many years with his late wife Simone Signoret. Now he is alone. In a show produced by French TV, he discloses intimate details of his life with her and without her, childhood memories, memories from his time in the French underground, his political views in the past and the present. (ITV, Monday, 10.50 p.m.)

A boyish-looking judge played by Harry Anderson presides over Manhattan's **(Night Court),** producing verdicts and solving cases in an unconventional manner. An unabashed non-conformist, Harry has an obsessive passion for magic tricks and is the ringmaster of the judicial circus. The comedy was produced by Warner Brothers. (ITV, Tuesday, 11.05 p.m.)

FOR ROBERT ALTMAN, inspiration often comes spontaneously. While shooting his last film **Three Women,** the famous producer/direct[or] casually remarked to a reporter during a tryi[ng] day's schedule: "My next film? Oh.. I'm going [to] make a movie about a great big fancy wedding." [At] the end of the day's shooting, he tossed out the id[ea] to his associates. And a few weeks later, he beg[an] collaboration on the Wednesday nights' movie, [A] **Wedding,** with actor/writer John Considine.

The bride is the daughter of a *nouveau ric[he]* family from the southern U.S., and the groom fro[m] an "old money" matriarchy in the Mid-West. A[ll] the action takes place in one day – from t[he] wedding ceremony to the reception at t[he] bridegroom's family mansion. During this tim[e] many closely-guarded and mostly hilarious secre[ts] are revealed.

A mansion on Lake Michigan was the site for t[he] cast and crew for almost the entire eight-week shooting. Preparations were more exhausting th[an] for a real wedding. Altman rounded up a uniq[ue] cast of actors who had previously worked for hi[m] including Geraldine Chaplin, Lauren Hutton a[nd] Pat McCormick, plus "newcomers" like Car[ol] Burnett and Mia Farrow, and the legendary Lili[an] Gish. Also in the movie is Desi Arnaz, Jr., the s[on] of comedienne Lucille Ball. (ITV, Wednesda[y] 10.05 p.m.)

REMOTE TRIBES and exotic islanders have be[en] made known to the world through the lens [of] anthropology. But in the last two decades, some [of] these people have begun to object. In Thursd[ay] night's documentary, **Anthropology on Trial,** [a] team travels to Margaret Mead's Papua Ne[w] Guinea and looks at anthropologists from the oth[er] side.

The late Dr. Mead, perhaps the world's bes[t] known anthropologist, wrote two of her bes[t] known books in New Guinea. Recently, her wo[rk] has been denounced by one of her peers. The T[V] team finds she also has critics in the villages s[he] studied on Manus Island, some 600 km. from t[he] mainland.

Walking in Mead's footsteps, the team listen[s to] what inhabitants have to say about the unequ[al] exchange between anthropologists and their su[b]jects. They remember Mead fondly, but object [to] her books and a film she made about them. T[he] younger natives feel exploited.

The film also looks at how anthropology is taug[ht] at the University of Papua New Guinea. (IT[V,] Thursday, 9.30 p.m.)

Science on the screen

Moderator Yael Dan on the set. (David Rubinger)

"WE'RE not the BBC," says a sign in the cubby-hole of Benaya Bin-Nun, executive producer of **Tatzpit,** Israel TV's bi-weekly science show.

Well, we all know that Israel TV isn't the BBC, but Bin-Nun is referring to the minuscule budget that he has at his disposal and the tiny staff who work for him at **Tatzpit.** The BBC produces more documentaries on science, medicine and nature than any other TV network, by far. "Just the department that produces the science shows fills a whole building there," says Bin-Nun with unconcealed admiration and envy.

But Israelis like **Tatzpit** ("observation point" or "forecast"). Despite its "high-brow" subject m[at]ter, it is watched always or regularly by 53 per ce[nt] of the viewing public, and 59 per cent saw the l[ast] show. That makes it the fifth most popular [TV] show on Israeli screens, after **Mabat News, Pa[...]** **Time, Kolbotek,** and **Fame** (listed in the lat[est] survey but no longer on the air). According to t[he] survey, it is more popular than the rock mu[sic] show, **Till Pop,** the Saturday night sports sho[w] **Mabat Sport,** and imported dramas or thrillers.

The survey, conducted to gauge the popularity [of] all Israel TV programmes, shows that it is liked [by] those with college degrees as well as those w[ho] never finished elementary school.

Even U.S. commercial TV has nothing li[ke] **Tatzpit,** says Bin-Nun, who originated the show [in] 1981. "There have been some attempts to produ[ce] science shows by the networks in the past decad[e,] but none lasted long. Only public television offe[rs] such shows."

EACH SHOW, filmed on location and in t[he] Herzliya studios, costs some NIS 15,000 – rath[er] expensive compared to Israel TV studio shows b[ut] a pittance compared to the BBC's science progra[m]mes. Bin-Nun is able to employ only two oth[er] full-time staffers – production assistant Mira We[...] and reporter/director Yarin Kimor. The other[s,] including moderators Yael Dan and Prof. Yora[m] Lass (of Tel Aviv University medical school), a[re] all free-lance and thus underpaid. A research[er] putting in the equivalent of a full-time job, ear[ns] NIS 350 gross according to Israel TV free-lan[...]

(Continued on page J)

This week's TV/radio schedule NOVEMBER 21 – NOVEMBER 27

FRIDAY

Leslie Caron
Israel TV, 22.15

TV

EDUCATIONAL:
8.00 Teletext 8.03 Keep Fit 8.15 School Broadcasts 13.30 Teletext 13.33 This Is It (repeat) 14.30 Everyman's University 15.00 The Portion of the Week 15.30 A New Evening – Shabbat magazine
ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
16.30 News roundup
16.32 Love Boat
17.30 Songs
17.30 Arabic film
19.20 Programme Trailer
19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at 20.00 with Shabbat songs
20.05 Shabbat Eve programme presented by Rabbi Shmuel Avidor Hacohen
20.15 Mabat Newsreel
21.15 Party Time – entertainment programme hosted by Rivka Michaeli
22.15 L'Homme qui aimait les femmes, a François Truffaut's film starring Charles Denner and Leslie Caron
00.10 News
JORDAN TV (unofficial):
18.00 French Hour 19.30 News in Hebrew 20.00 News in Arabic 20.30 Open All Hours 21.10 To be announced 22.00 News in English 22.20 The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes
MIDDLE EAST TV (From T.A. north):
13.30 Wooly Woolycider 13.30 Woolybrook Hospital 14.00 700 Club 14.30 Shape-Up 15.00 Afternoon Movie: One Minute to Zero 16.30 Heathcliff 17.00 Super Book 17.30 Muppets 18.00 Webster 18.30 Family Ties 19.00 News 20.00 Fall Guy 21.00 Arabic Movie 22.30 Good News

VOICE OF MUSIC

6.02 Morning Melodies
7.07 Mendelssohn: Songs without Words
7.30 Mendelssohn: Midsummer Night's Dream; Haydn: Quartet Op. 3/5; Shostakovich: Symphony No.5
8.30 Schubert: Die schöne Müllerin, song cycle; Mozart: Divertimento for String Trio; Mahler: Symphony No.4
12.05 An Hour with Jacques Lancelot, clarinet
13.00 Light Classical Music
14.00 Carl Maria von Weber, 200th Anniversary, Part 2 (repeat)
15.00 From Our Concert Halls: Israel Philharmonic Orchestra under Shalom Ronly-Riklis – Seltzer: Symphony for Speaker and orchestra (Shmuel Segal); Tchaikovsky: Serenade Op. 48; Rimsky-Korsakov: "Capriccio" (repeat)
17.00 "Golden Generation" – Clara Haskill, piano, Arthur Grumiaux, violin – 2 Sonatas by Mozart and sonata by Beethoven
18.00 Keisler: Prelude and Allegro (Pelman); Tosca: Bach: Piano Concerto No.1 (Gould, Columbia/Bernstein); Bizet: "L'Arlesienne", suite no.1 (London Symphony/Martinez); Rodrigo: Concierto Andaluz for 4 Guitars and Orchestra (Romeros, San Antonio/Alessandri); Mussorgsky: "Boris Godounov," selections (Nesterenko, Bolshoi Theatre/Simonov); Stravinsky: "Firebird," ballet suite (Boston/Ozawa)
20.05 Britten: Lacrymae; Schumann: Piano Trio Op. 80 (Tel Aviv)
21.05 Couperin: Le Parnasse (Paillard Orch.); Beethoven: Violin Concerto (Perlman, Ormandy/Philadelphia); Piano Concerto No. 4 (Rubinstein, Szell/Cleveland)

SATURDAY

Neville Marriner
Voice of Music, 7.09

TV

ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
16.00 Airwolf – action series
17.00 Music Inn (part 1)
18.00 Science series
18.30 Family Magazine
19.00 Entertainment
19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES begin at 20.00 with Who's the Boss – comedy series starring Tony Danza, Judith Light and Elyses Milano: Double Date
20.30 Programme for the end of Shabbat
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.30 Sports – Match of the Day
22.30 Les Enfants du paradis, Part 1 of a 2-part film made in France in 1943. Starring Pierre Brasseur and Jean Louis Barrault
24.00 News
JORDAN TV (unofficial):
17.30 Cartoons 18.00 French Hour 19.30 News in Hebrew 20.00 News in Arabic 20.30 You Again 21.10 Entertainment 22.00 News in English 22.20 Feature film
MIDDLE EAST TV (from T.A. north):
13.00 Pole Position 13.30 The Littles 14.00 Story Break 14.30 Rainbow Adventure 16.00 English League Soccer 17.00 International Sportsworld 19.00 Italian League Soccer 20.00 Wrestling 21.00 Movie, True Grit 23.00 700 Club

VOICE OF MUSIC

7.09 Respighi: Ancient Airs and Dances Suite (Los Angeles Chamber/Marriner); Mozart: Divertimento No.4 for 2 Clarinets and Bassoon (Consortium Classicum); Rosalli: Piano Concerto (Lirtzuer, Hamburg/Springer); Rosalli: Sonata No.2 for Strings (I Musici); Kodaly: Galanta Dances (Boston/Ozawa)
8.30 Dominoar
9.00 Music Quiz
10.00 Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra under David Shalon with Daniel Benyamini/Hindemith: Symphonic Metamorphoses of themes by Weber; Mayrani: Viola Concerto (première performance); Mussorgsky-Ravel: "Pictures at an Exhibition
12.00 Radio Drama
13.00 Daniel Benyamini, violin and viola, Milka Laks, piano – Bach: Sonata No.4; Brahms: Sonata No.1
14.05 Mozart: Adagio
15.00 Bach: Orchestral suite No.4 (Paillard); Arriaga: String quartet no.2 (Phoenix); Chopin: Piano Concerto No.1 (Weissenberg); Prokofiev: Quintet for Strings and Wind Instruments Op. 39 (Melos Ensemble London); Pachelbel: Suite No.5 for Strings and Continuo (Paillard)
17.00 Carl Maria von Weber – 200th anniversary
18.00 Music from the Distant Past
19.00 Faure: "Pelleas et Melisande", suite (St. Martin/Barbirolli); Chopin: 4 Mazurkas (Seltzman); Mayrani: Arabesque for Flute and Harp (Eisler-Kashi, Mayrani); Dvorak: Symphonic Variations Op. 78 (London Symphony/Kertesz)
20.05 Opera – Monteverdi: Orfeo (Rogers, Kirkby, London Baroque/Medlam)
23.00 Beethoven: Piano Trio No.1; Brahms: Piano Quartet No.1

RADIO 1st

7.30 Programmes for Olim
8.00 Hebrew Songs
9.05 Music for Shabbat
9.30 Encounter – The Family Magazine
10.30 Programme in Easy Hebrew
11.10 School Broadcasts
12.05 Education for all
13.00 Songs and Tunes
13.30 News in English
13.32 News in French
14.06 Children's programmes
15.00 Shabbat Eve Programme
16.05 Till Here – Hedva Yakar talks with Dr. Ofra Eylon
17.10 Hebrew songs
18.06 Literary Magazine
18.05 Songs and Readings for Shabbat
19.30 Programmes for Olim
22.05 With People
23.05 Hebrew songs

2nd

6.12 Gymnastics
6.30 Editorial Review
6.53 Green Light – drivers' corner
7.00 This Morning – news magazine
8.05 All Shades of the Network – morning magazine
12.10 Starting Whistle – preview of Shabbat's football matches
13.00 Midday – news commentary, music
14.06 No Reductions or Complimentary Tickets
15.05 Current Account
17.05 Behind the Headlines – media magazine
18.06 Holy Listening
19.05 The Weekly Column
20.05 Shabbat songs
21.05 Sephardi Folksongs
22.05 Stage and Screen
23.05 Between Friday and Saturday – Yitzhak Livni talks with journalist Roman Frister
00.10 Hebrew songs

Army

6.05 Morning Sounds
6.30 Open Your Eyes – songs, information
7.07 Morning Supplement
8.05 Good Morning Israel
9.05 Have a Good Time – culture and entertainment magazine
11.05 Mama's Voice – special regards to soldiers
12.05 Sandals – with Dori Ben Ze'ev
14.05 It's not Shabbat Yet – with Shlomo Arzi
15.05 *Mashina* in the Yarkon Park
16.05 Quiet songs
17.05 Documentaries
18.05 Soldiers are Young People
19.05 Successful Young Adults
20.05 Music and radio games
22.05 Marathon

VOICE OF AMERICA NEWS SHOWS

1260 kilohertz: 5-6 and 9-9 a.m. – Daily breakfast show with news, popular music and interviews. 3-5.30 p.m. – News round-up. 5.30-8 p.m. – VOA Magazine Show. 8-8.15 p.m. – News in Special English for Students of English. 11-12 midnight – VOA World Report with news, background and analysis.

SUNDAY

George Peppard
Middle East TV, 20.53

TV

EDUCATIONAL:
8.00 Teletext 8.03 Keep Fit 8.15 School Broadcasts 14.00 Teletext 14.45 Keep Fit 14.15 No Secrets 14.45 Hello Israel 15.00 Everyman's University 16.00 Rehov Sumsum 16.30 Coral Island (part 9) 17.00 A New Evening – live magazine
CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 Cowboy in Africa (part 12)
18.20 Animated film
ARABIC LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 With the Stars
18.45 Medicine and Innovations
19.00 Weekly News Magazine
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at 20.00 with a news roundup
20.02 Till Pop – pop and entertainment magazine
21.00 Mabat Newsreel and Overseas Sports Review
21.45 Dynasty
22.35 Quotation Mark – literature programme hosted by Yaron London
23.15 The Chelsea Murders. Final episode of a 6-part armchair thriller, starring Michael Faest, Guy Gregory and David Grant: Goodnight Fair Maid
23.40 News
JORDAN TV (unofficial):
17.30 Cartoons 18.00 French Hour 19.30 News in Hebrew 20.00 News in Arabic 20.30 Carol Burnett and Friends 21.10 Cosmos 22.00 News in English 22.20 Dallas
MIDDLE EAST TV (from T.A. north):
13.30 Another Life 14.00 700 Club 14.30 Good News 15.00 Arabic Movie 16.30 Treasure Island 17.00 Flying House 17.30 Muppets 18.00 Punky Brewster 18.30 Silver Spoons 19.00 Sixty Minutes 20.00 Specials: 20.53 Movie: Bend in the River 22.30 Good News

VOICE OF MUSIC

6.02 Morning melodies
7.09 Mozart: Miniatures; Chopin: Variations on Polish songs for Piano and orchestra; Mahler: Songs of a Wayfarer; Wolf: Italian Serenade for Strings; Mendelssohn: Symphony No.4, "Italian"
9.00 Bach: Cantata No.208; Beethoven: Piano Concerto No.5, "Emperor"; Schubert: Quartet in G major; Bruckner: Symphony No.7
12.00 Kjell Bakkeland, Piano – Olsen: Variations on a Norwegian Folk Melody; Grieg: 19 Norwegian Folk Melodies
13.05 Handel: Concerto Grosso No.2; Haydn: Symphony No.92, "Oxford"; Beethoven: Piano Concerto No.1; Sibelius: Symphony No.5
15.00 Contemporary Music
16.00 Bach: Mass in B minor (Kirkby, Tavener Consort and Choir/Parrott)
18.00 Music Quiz (repeat)
19.00 Light Classical Music
20.05 Musical Medley
20.30 Recital – Pinchas Zukerman, violin, Lynn Harrell, cello – Marc Neikrug, piano, with Helen Taub, violin and Daniel Benyamini, viola – Bach: Sonata No.3 for Violin and Keyboard; Stravinsky: Italian suite for Cello and Piano; Brahms: Piano Quintet Op. 34
22.30 The Tradition of Maslan Folk Music, part 5
23.05 Bach: Brandenburg Concerto No.1; Mozart: Quartet for Flute and Strings K.285; Brahms: Ballade Op. 10; Schubert: Sonata in A major D.664

RADIO 1st

6.03 Programmes for Olim
7.30 Favourite Old Songs
8.05 Compass – with Benny Hendel
9.05 Hebrew songs
9.30 Encounter – live family magazine
10.30 Programme in Easy Hebrew
11.10 School Broadcasts
12.05 Education for all
13.00 News in English
13.30 News in French
14.06 Children's programmes
15.30 World of Science (repeat)
16.55 Notes on a New Book
16.05 Matters of Taste (repeat)
17.20 Everyman's University
18.06 Jewish Traditions
18.50 Bible Reading
19.05 Jewish Thought – talk by Prof. Itamar Greenntwald
19.30 Programmes for Olim
22.05 Child and Family Magazine

2nd

6.12 Gymnastics
6.30 Editorial Review
6.53 Green Light – drivers' corner
7.00 This Morning – news magazine
8.05 Making an Issue
9.05 House Call – with Rivka Michaeli
10.05 All Shades of the Network – morning magazine
11.30 Safe Journey
12.10 O.K. on Two
13.00 Midday – news commentary, music
14.06 Humour
15.05 Magic Moments
16.05 Songs and Homework
17.10 Economics Magazine
18.06 Press Conference
18.45 Today in Sport
19.05 Today – radio newsreel
19.35 The Jewish People
20.05 Oriental songs
22.05 Holy Listening (repeat)
23.05 Third Bell – arts magazine

Army

6.05 University on the Air
6.30 Open Your Eyes – songs, information
7.07 "707" – with Alex Ansky
8.05 Good Morning Israel
9.05 In the Morning – with Eli Yisraeli
10.05 Coffee Break
11.05 Right Now – with Rafi Reshef
13.05 Israeli Tunes
15.05 Daily Meeting – with Orly Yaniv
16.05 Sports Magazine
17.00 Evening Newsreel
18.05 Economics Magazine
19.05 Music
20.05 Soldiers are Young People (repeat)
21.00 Mabat – TV newsreel
21.30 University on the Air
22.05 Popular songs
23.05 Israeli songs
00.05 Night Birds – songs, chat

ENGLISH BROADCASTS – ISRAEL RADIO

07.00-07.15 News and Press Review
13.00-13.30 News and Feature Programme
17.00-17.05 News
20.00-20.15 News Magazine on 1st Programme
– 576 kilohertz – centre and north
– 1170 kilohertz – Jerusalem area

MONDAY

Yves Montand
Israel TV, 22.50

TV

EDUCATIONAL:
8.00 Teletext 8.03 Keep Fit 8.15 School Broadcasts 14.00 Teletext 14.03 Keep Fit 14.15 100 Famous Paintings 14.25 Making Magic 14.50 Surprise Train 15.15 Family Problems 16.00 Five Mile Creek (part 2) 17.00 A New Evening – live magazine
CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 Alice in Wonderland
17.55 Hoppa Hey
ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 Programme Trailer
18.35 Sports
19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at 20.00 with a news roundup
20.02 Allegro – music quiz
20.50 Beauty Spot – tips on hikes and trips
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.30 Don't Wait Up – comedy series starring Nigel Havers, Tony Britton and Dinah Sheridan
22.00 This is the Time
22.50 Entertainment with Yves Montand
24.00 News
JORDAN TV (unofficial):
17.30 Cartoons 18.00 French Hour 19.30 News in Hebrew 20.00 News in Arabic 20.30 No Place Like Home 21.10 Edge of Darkness 22.00 News in English 22.20 Strangers and Brothers
MIDDLE EAST TV (from T.A. north):
13.30 Another Life 14.00 700 Club 14.30 Shape-Up 15.00 Afternoon Movie: Beneath the 12 Mile Reef 16.30 Heathcliff 17.00 Super Book 17.30 Muppets 18.00 Happy Days 18.30 Laverne & Shirley 19.00 News 20.00 Magnum P.I. 21.00 Monday Night Football 23.30 700 Club

VOICE OF MUSIC

6.02 Morning Melodies
7.09 Telemann: Suite for Flute and Strings (Rampal); Schubert: Sonata for Cello and Piano, "Arpeggione"; Saint-Saens: "La Jeunesse d'Hercule", symphonic poem (Paris/Dervaux); Ravel: Piano Concerto (Collard, National French/Maazel); Dvorak: American Suite Op. 98b (Berlin Radio/Tilson-Thomas)
9.00 Rachmaninov: Symphonic Dances (Concertgebouw/Ashkenazy); Martinu: Nonet for Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Horn, Bassoon, Viola, Cello and Double Bass (Dartington); Poulenc: Concerto for 2 Pianos and Orchestra; Mozart: String Quartet No.20 (Guilliard); Beethoven: Violin Concerto (Perlman, Philharmonia/Giulini); Schumann: Symphony No.4 (Vienna/Bernstein)
12.00 Ofra Zahor, piano – works by Schumann, Daniel Hoexter, piano, Menahem Bruer, violin and Zvi Hare'el, cello – Beethoven: Trio, Op. 70-2.
13.00 Mozart: Concerto for Flute and 2 Violins and Continuo (Cologne Musica Antiqua); Boccherini: Quintet for Guitar and Strings; Haydn: Symphony No.94, "Surprise"; Mozart: Serenade No.10 (Vienna Mozart Winds/Harnoncourt)
15.00 Bartok's early quartets explained by David Chen
16.00 From Our Concert Halls: Israel Chamber Orchestra, Yoav Talmi with Malcolm Frager, piano – Handel: Concerto Grosso Op. 6 No. 5; Mozart: Piano Concerto No. 23, "Little Piano"; Mozart: Symphony No. 41, "Jupiter"
18.00 Then and Again
20.05 Bach: Brandenburg Concerto No.3; Mozart: Quartet for Flute and Strings K.171; Brahms: Ballade Op. 10; Schubert: 2 Songs from the year 1812

RADIO 1st

6.03 Programmes for Olim
7.30 Favourite Old Songs
8.05 Compass – with Benny Hendel
9.05 Hebrew songs
9.30 Encounter – live family magazine
10.30 Programme in Easy Hebrew
11.10 School Broadcasts
12.05 Song and Tune
13.00 News in English
13.30 News in French
14.06 Children's programmes
15.53 Notes on a New Book
16.05 Radio Drama
17.20 Everyman's University
18.06 Jewish Traditions
18.50 Bible Reading
19.05 Reflections on the Portion of the Week
19.30 Programmes for Olim
22.05 Signs and Wonders – the beginning of Hebrew radio (repeat)
23.05 Hebrew songs.

2nd

6.12 Gymnastics
6.30 Editorial Review
6.53 Green Light – drivers' corner
7.00 This Morning – news magazine
8.05 Making an Issue
9.05 House Call – with Rivka Michaeli
10.05 All Shades of the Network
11.30 Safe Journey
12.10 O.K. on Two
13.00 Midday – news commentary, music
14.06 Humour
15.05 Magic Moments
16.05 Songs and Homework
17.10 Economics Magazine
18.06 Free Period – education magazine
18.45 Today in Sport
19.05 Today – radio newsreel
19.35 Law and Justice Magazine
20.05 Centorial Hit Parade
22.05 Jazz Corner
23.05 Night Gemes

Army

6.05 University on the Air
6.30 Open Your Eyes – songs, information
7.07 "707" – with Alex Ansky
8.05 Good Morning Israel
9.05 In the Morning – with Eli Yisraeli
10.05 Coffee Break
11.05 Right Now – with Rafi Reshef
13.05 Israeli Tunes
15.05 Daily Meeting – with Orly Yaniv
16.05 Four in the Afternoon
17.00 Evening Newsreel
18.05 Military Courts
19.05 Music
20.05 The IDF Troupes
21.00 Mabat – TV newsreel
21.30 University on the Air
22.05 Popular songs
23.05 Israeli songs
00.05 Night Birds – songs, chat

TUESDAY

Rivka Michaeli
Radio 2nd, 9.05

TV

EDUCATIONAL:
8.00 Teletext 8.03 Keep Fit 8.15 School Broadcasts 14.00 Teletext 14.03 Keep Fit 14.15 Brothers of the Wilderness – film, starring George Randall and Charles Kivstto 15.30 The Dancer's World 16.00 Touring Israel – with Seffi Ben Yosef 16.15 Playhouse 17.00 A New Evening – live magazine
CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 News for Young Children
18.00 The Return of the Antelope (part 5)
ARABIC LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 End of Empire
19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at 20.00 with a news roundup
20.02 From the Pips – TV game, introduced by Dudu Topaz
20.30 Kotzker
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.40 Second Look – focus on matters of moment
22.20 Crazy Like a Fox – starring Jack Warden and John Rubinstein: Wanted – Dead or Alive
23.05 Night Court – comedy series
23.30 News
JORDAN TV (unofficial):
17.30 Cartoons 18.00 French Hour 19.30 News in Hebrew 20.00 News in Arabic 20.30 Three's Company 21.30 Alfred Hitchcock 22.00 News in English 22.20 Deception
MIDDLE EAST TV (from T.A. north):
13.30 Another Life 14.00 700 Club 14.30 Shape-Up 15.00 Afternoon Movie: River of no Return 16.30 Heathcliff 17.00 Super Book 17.30 Muppets 18.00 That's Hollywood 18.30 The Campbells 19.00 News 20.00 Simon & Simon 21.00 Remington Steele 22.00 Cagney & Lacey 23.00 700 Club

VOICE OF MUSIC

6.02 Morning Melodies
7.09 Gastoldi: Ballett for 5 Voices; Stravinsky: "Pulcinella," Suite (IPO/Bernstein); Schumann: Album fur die Jugend (Argerich); Haydn: String Quartet Op. 76/1 (Melos)
9.00 Beethoven: 12 Minuets; Romance for Violin and orchestra in G major, Moonlight Sonata, String Quartet Op. 127, Irish Folk Songs, Symphony No.5, Missa Solemnis (excerpts)
12.00 Brandis Quartet with Zvi Har'el, Cello – Schubert: String Quintet Op. 163
13.05 Works by Dvorak, Mahler, Faure, Bruch, Handel, Brahms, Jacob, Gounod
15.00 Contemporary Music
16.00 From the World's Concert Halls: 1. Bergen Festival – Works by Liszt and Saevarud
17.30 Italian Vocal Works from the 16th and 17th Centuries
18.00 From the Record Shelf
19.00 Duets, Trios and Quintets from Opera by Bizet, Rossini, Bellini, Puccini and Gounod (De Los Angeles, Gedda, Christoph, Richard, Di-Paima, Cabelle and others)
20.05 Musical Medley
20.30 From our Concert Halls: Israel Philharmonic Orchestra with Myung Whun Chung conductor and soloist and with Shmuel Ben-Ari and Velim Brandwein, piano – Mozart: Sinfonia Concertante for Violin and Viola K.364; Bach: Concerto for 2 Violins and Orchestra in D minor; Mozart: Symphony No. 29 in A major K.201; Mozart: 2 Lyric Pieces; Mozart: Symphony No. 40 in G minor K.550

RADIO 1st

6.03 Programmes for Olim
7.30 Favourite Old Songs
8.05 Compass – with Benny Hendel
9.05 Hebrew songs
9.30 Encounter – live family magazine
10.30 Programme in Easy Hebrew
11.10 School Broadcasts
12.05 Education for all
13.00 News in English
13.30 News in French
14.06 Children's programmes
15.25 Education for all
15.55 Notes on a New Book
17.20 Everyman's University
18.06 Jewish Traditions
18.50 Bible Reading
19.05 Lesson in *Halacha*
19.30 Programmes for Olim
22.05 Two by Two

2nd

6.12 Gymnastics
6.30 Editorial Review
6.53 Green Light – drivers' corner
7.00 This Morning – news magazine
8.05 Making an Issue
9.05 House Call – with Rivka Michaeli
10.05 All Shades of the Network – morning magazine
11.30 Safe Journey
12.10 O.K. on Two
13.00 Midday – news commentary, music
14.06 Humour
15.05 Magic Moments
16.05 Songs and Homework
17.10 Economics Magazine
18.06 Health and Medicine Magazine
18.45 Today in Sport
19.05 Today – radio newsreel
19.35 New World – environment magazine
20.05 Cantorial Requests
22.05 Once More
23.05 Dulzes

Army

6.05 University on the Air
6.30 Open Your Eyes – songs, information
7.07 "707" – with Alex Ansky
8.05 Good Morning Israel
9.05 In the Morning – with Eli Yisraeli
10.05 Coffee Break
11.05 Right Now – with Rafi Reshef
13.05 Israeli Tunes
15.05 Daily Meeting – with Orly Yaniv
16.05 Four in the Afternoon
17.00 Evening Newsreel
18.05 Army and Defence Magazine
19.05 Music
20.05 The IDF Troupes
21.00 Mabat – TV newsreel
21.30 University on the Air
22.05 Popular songs
23.05 Israeli songs
00.05 Night Birds – songs, chat

EASY HEBREW FOR IMMIGRANTS

Radio 1st weekdays 10.30-11.00 a.m.
Saturday 7.30-8.00 a.m.

WEDNESDAY

Carol Burnett
Israel TV, 22.05

TV

EDUCATIONAL:
8.00 Teletext 8.03 Keep Fit 8.15 School Broadcasts 14.00 Teletext 14.03 Keep Fit 14.15 The Time Tunnel 15.00 Everyman's University 16.00 Pretty Butterfly 16.25 TV Game 17.00 A New Evening – live magazine
CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 Somersaults
ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 Agriculture Today
19.00 Health Magazine
19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at 20.00 with a news roundup
20.02 From the Movies – cinema magazine
20.30 Between the Chairs – bi-weekly magazine
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.30 Moked
22.05 A Wedding. Robert Altman's 1978 film stars Vittorio Gassman, Dina Merrill and Carol Burnett
00.05 News
JORDAN TV (unofficial):
17.30 Cartoons 18.00 French Hour 19.30 News in Hebrew 20.00 News in Arabic 20.30 Three's Company 21.30 Alfred Hitchcock 22.00 News in English 22.20 Deception
MIDDLE EAST TV (from T.A. north):
13.30 Another Life 14.00 700 Club 14.30 Shape-Up 15.00 Afternoon Movie: River of no Return 16.30 Heathcliff 17.00 Super Book 17.30 Muppets 18.00 That's Hollywood 18.30 The Campbells 19.00 News 20.00 Simon & Simon 21.00 Remington Steele 22.00 Cagney & Lacey 23.00 700 Club

VOICE OF MUSIC

6.02 Morning Melodies
7.09 Haydn: String Quartet No.76 (Vienna); Brahms: Quintet for Clarinet Op. 115; Debussy: La mer (French Radio/Martinon); Beethoven: Symphony No.4 (Vienna/Schmidt-Isserstedt)
9.00 Shostakovich: Polka from "Age of Gold" (Bernstein); Chausson: Poeme; Rossini: Sonata No.4 for Strings (I Musici); Schubert: Winterreise (Fischer-Dieskau, Moore); Shostakovich: Symphony No.5 (Bournemouth/Berglund)
12.00 N. Usher, viola, M. Freihan and K. Alan, Piano works by Liszt, Wolpe, Perschetti and Glinka
13.05 Mozart: Divertimento K.136; Beethoven: Wellington's Victory; Liszt: Piano Concerto No.1; Borodin: String Quartet No.2; Tchaikovsky: 1812, overture
15.00 Contemporary Music
16.00 Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra under David Robertson – Works by Berlioz, Rimsky-Korsakov, Sibelius and Rossini
Alexander: "Songs of Love and Expectation"; Achron: Hebrew Melody; Bloch: "Nigun" from "Ba'al Shem", suite
17.30 Music from the Distant Past
18.00 Carl Maria von Weber – 200th Anniversary, Part 3 (repeat)
19.00 Mendelssohn: Rondo Brilliant for Piano and Orchestra; Dvorak: Romantic Pieces for Violin and Piano Op. 75; Hoiseck: Maxwell-Davies: 8 Songs for a Mad King; Bach: Suite for Cello
20.05 Musical Medley
20.30 From our Concert Halls: Israel Philharmonic Orchestra with Myung Whun Chung conductor and soloist and with Shmuel Ben-Ari and Velim Brandwein, piano – Mozart: Sinfonia Concertante for Violin and Viola K.364; Bach: Concerto for 2 Violins and Orchestra in D minor; Mozart: Symphony No. 29 in A major K.201; Mozart: 2 Lyric Pieces; Mozart: Symphony No. 40 in G minor K.550
22.05 Tuesday Concert: Tuesday (Cabelle, Gedda, Christoff, Richard, Di-Paima, Cabelle and others)

RADIO 1st

6.03 Programmes for Olim
7.30 Favourite Old Songs
8.05 Compass – with Benny Hendel
9.05 Hebrew songs
9.30 Encounter – live family magazine
10.30 Programme in Easy Hebrew
11.10 School Broadcasts
11.30 Education for all
12.05 Oriental songs
13.00 News in English
13.30 News in French
14.06 Children's programmes
15.55 Notes on a New Book
16.05 Programme for Senior Citizens
17.20 Everyman's University
18.06 Jewish Traditions
18.50 Bible Reading
19.05 Lesson in *Tanaia*
19.30 Programmes for Olim
22.05 A Friend from the Same Planet

2nd

6.12 Gymnastics
6.30 Editorial Review
6.53 Green Light – drivers' corner
7.00 This Morning – news magazine
8.05 Making an Issue
9.05 House Call – with Rivka Michaeli
10.05 All Shades of the Network – morning magazine
11.30 Safe Journey
12.10 O.K. on Two
13.00 Midday – news commentary, music
14.06 Humour
15.05 Magic Moments
16.05 Songs and Homework
17.10 Economics Magazine
18.06 Spotlight
18.45 Today in Sport
19.05 Today – radio newsreel
19.35 Army and Defence Magazine
20.05 *Folklore Magazine*
21.05 Yiddish songs
22.05 Treasure Hunt
00.15 Stage and Screen

Army

6.05 University on the Air
6.30 Open Your Eyes – songs, information
7.07 "707" – with Alex Ansky
8.05 Good Morning Israel
9.05 In the Morning – with Eli Yisraeli
10.05 Coffee Break
11.05 Right Now – with Rafi Reshef
13.05 Israeli Tunes
15.05 Daily Meeting – with Orly Yaniv
16.05 Four in the Afternoon
17.00 Evening Newsreel
18.05 Army and Defence Magazine
19.05 Music
20.05 The IDF Troupes
21.00 Mabat – TV newsreel
21.30 University on the Air
22.05 Popular songs
23.05 Israeli songs
00.05 Classical Night Birds

KOL ISRAEL IN ENGLISH

7 a.m., 1 p.m., 5 p.m., 8 p.m.
576, 1170 & 1458 kilohertz

THURSDAY

Shlomo Mintz
Voice of Music, 9.00

TV

EDUCATIONAL:
8.00 Teletext 8.03 Keep Fit 8.15 School Broadcasts 14.00 Teletext 14.03 Keep Fit 14.15 Family Problems (repeat) 15.00 Tau Tau 15.25 Rehov Sumsum 16.00 This Is It – live magazine 17.00 A New Evening – live magazine
CHILDREN'S PROGRAMMES:
17.30 Micron 1 – science fiction
17.55 Jane Eyre. Part 3 of an 11-part adaptation of Charlotte Bronte's novel
18.25 A look at Ben Sherman
ARABIC-LANGUAGE programmes:
18.30 News roundup
18.32 TV Magazine
19.00 Meeting – current affairs
19.30 News
HEBREW PROGRAMMES resume at 20.00 with a news roundup
20.02 Mabat Sport
20.45 Programme Trailer
21.00 Mabat Newsreel
21.30 Moked
22.05 A Wedding. Robert Altman's 1978 film stars Vittorio Gassman, Dina Merrill and Carol Burnett
00.05 News
JORDAN TV (unofficial):
17.30 Cartoons 18.00 French Hour 19.30 News in Hebrew 20.00 News in Arabic 20.30 Three's Company 21.30 Alfred Hitchcock 22.00 News in English 22.20 Deception
MIDDLE EAST TV (from T.A. north):
13.30 Another Life 14.00 700 Club 14.30 Shape-Up 15.00 Afternoon Movie: Blackbeard the Pirate 16.30 Heathcliff 17.00 Flying House 17.30 Muppets 18.00 The Jeffersons 18.30 Doc 19.00 News 20.00 Hardcastle & McCormick 21.00 Facts of Life 21.30 Newhart 22.00 Moonlighting 23.30 700 Club

VOICE OF MUSIC

6.02 Morning Melodies
7.09 Cambini: Quintet for Wind Instruments No.10; Pergolesi: Concerto for Violin and Strings; Mozart: Exsultate Jubilate (Kirkby, Academy of Ancient Music/Hogwood); Schubert: Fantasy for Piano Duet (Lupu, Perahia); Bizet: Symphony No.1 (Concertgebouw/Haitink)
9.00 Beethoven: Symphony No.1; Brahms: 11 Gipsy Songs; Franck: Sonata for Violin and Piano (Mintz, Bronfman); Martinu: Trio for Flute, Cello and Piano; Schubert: Overture, intermezzo No.3 and ballet No.2 from "Rosamunde" (Chicago/Levine); Poulenc: Piano Sextet; Dvorak: Symphony No.3 (Czech/Neumann)
12.00 Avni: "Summer Arcs," string quartet (Israel); Taneyev: Trio Op. 21
13.05 Beethoven: Leonore, overture No.3 (New York/Bernstein); Danzi: Concerto for Flute and Orchestra; Mozart: Sonata for Violin and Piano (Perlman, Barenboim); Bruch: Septet in E flat major (Members of Berlin Philharmonic Octet); Prokofiev: Symphony No.3
15.05 Encounters
16.00 Musicamera Trio with M. Hartman, viola – Beethoven: Trio Op. 1/1; Avidom: Trialogue; Schumann: Quartet op.47
17.00 Purcell: Fantasy (London Baroque); Mozart: Sonata for Flute and Harpsichord; Schumann: Quintet (Guilliard Quartet); Bridge: "Rally in our Alley" (RIAS Berlin Chamber Orchestra)
20.05 Bach: Brandenburg Concerto No.1; Mozart: Sinfonia Concertante – Clara Haskill, piano, Arthur Grumiaux, violin – Mozart: Violin Sonatas K.459 and 304; Beethoven: Sonata for Violin and Piano No.10.

RADIO 1st

6.03 Programmes for Olim
7.30 Favourite Old Songs
8.30 Compass – with Benny Hendel
9.05 Hebrew songs
9.30 Encounter – live family magazine
10.30 Programme in Easy Hebrew
11.10 School Broadcasts
11.30 Education for all
12.05 Oriental songs
13.00 News in English
13.30 News in French
14.06 Children's programmes
15.30 Speaker's Podium
15.53 Notes on a New Book
16.05 An Unknown Land
17.20 Everyman's University
18.06 Jewish Traditions
18.50 Bible Reading
19.05 Lesson in *Tania*
19.30 Programmes for Olim
22.05 Every Man has a Star – with astrologist Ilan Pecker

2nd

6.12 Gymnastics
6.30 Editorial Review
6.53 Green Light – drivers' corner
7.00 This Morning – news magazine
8.05 Making an Issue
9.05 House Call – with Rivka Michaeli
10.05 All Shades of the Network – morning magazine
11.30 Safe Journey
12.10 O.K. on Two
13.00 Midday – news commentary, music
14.06 Humour
15.05 Magic Moments
16.05 Songs and Homework
17.10 Economics Magazine
18.06 Hebrew songs
18.45 Today in Sport
19.05 Today – radio newsreel
19.35 This Week in the Knesset
20.05 Roots – folklore magazine
22.05 Round the World
23.05 Between Ourselves

Army

6.05 University on the Air
6.30 Open Your Eyes – songs, information
7.07 "707" – with Alex Ansky
8.05 Good Morning Israel
9.05 In the Morning – with Eli Yisraeli
10.05 Coffee Break
11.05 Right Now – with Dan Shilon
13.05 Israeli Tunes
15.05 Daily Meeting – with Orly Yaniv
16.05 Four in the Afternoon
17.00 Evening Newsreel
18.05 Economics Hour
19.05 Music
20.05 Army and Defence Magazine (repeat)
21.00 Mabat – TV newsreel
21.30 University on the Air
22.05 Popular songs
23.05 Israeli songs
00.05 Night Birds – songs, chat

BEST SELLERS

GODEL, ESCHER, BACH: AN ETERNAL GOLDEN BRAID
Douglas R. Hofstadter
The Pulitzer Prize winning metaphorical logic on minds and machines, in the spirit of Lewis Carroll.
Reg. NIS 34.00

THE IMMIGRANT'S DAUGHTER
Howard Fast
A lonely sixty-year old woman, leading a simple life in mid-70s San Francisco is removed from her exotic lifestyle of the 1950s, on the point of her

This Week in Israel·Th

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the tel aviv museum

27, King Saul Blvd. Tel. (03) 257361. Information & Box Office: (03) 261297
VISITING HOURS: Sun.—Thurs. 10 am—2 pm. 5—9 pm; Sat. 11 am—2 pm. 7—10 pm. Friday closed.

EXHIBITIONS
OSKAR KOKOSCHKA, 1886 - 1980. A SELECTION OF PRINTS AND ALBUMS FROM THE MUSEUM COLLECTION.
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You won't see many professors on the screen of **Tatzpit**, not because they don't want to appear for so little money but because Bin-Nun fears that they cannot speak in the language of the laymen, too often delving into minute details of their discoveries or theories.

"When deciding on a topic and the show's content, I think whether it could be understood both by my 14-year-old son and my drama teacher wife."

Bin-Nun has a science background, having studied biology, but is really a journalist, and worked as a reporter covering various subjects in the news department. One needs to be a journalist, he says, to make the material understandable to the layman.

If any professors or scientists do appear on the show, "it is to provide role models for young people, who usually see only politicians or criminals on the TV screen."

OTHER COSTS, besides the filming and research, include graphics and occasionally actors who play parts. Bin-Nun is also able to purchase foreign-made science films that he edits for the shows. "There is a great choice from the BBC, so I can be a chooser," he says. One magnificent import, this time from Scandinavia, showed a live film of a baby's birth, following its development from preconception through the emergence of the infant from the birth canal.

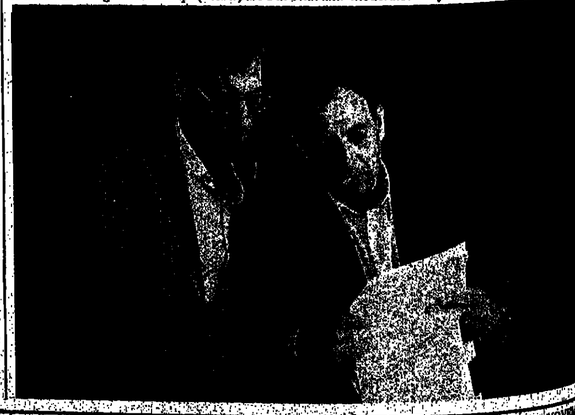
"We try to ensure that the items are n[illegible] important, able to be depicted graph[illegible] even humorous," says Bin-Nun of t[illegible] which is broadcast every two weeks, on [illegible] days, at 8.30 p.m. "We don't pick sub[illegible] involve labs with a lot of blinking [illegible] scientist holding up test tubes, because [illegible] mean anything and make the viewer fee[illegible] dumb to understand." Israeli develop[illegible] science are always given priority, if [illegible] significant.

Among the subjects tackled in recen[illegible] were a technique of kidney dialysis adapt[illegible] patients to themselves, with a visit to a [illegible] tent who undergoes the treatment; the [illegible] amniocentesis to detect retardation in [illegible] the science of genetic counselling; and [illegible] psychometric tests.

Tatzpit devoted three shows to c[illegible] Bin-Nun was so frightened by what [illegible] about the disease that he gave up pipe-s[illegible] result. The show also offered a frank d[illegible] contraceptives, an explanation of com[illegible] exhibition of the new nuclear magnetic [illegible] scanner, and a test of colour blindness [illegible]

"Producing **Tatzpit** is like going to the [illegible] ty," concludes Bin-Nun. "For every hi[illegible] tion we show, we know enough to produ[illegible] that much. The producer also bo[illegible] collection of imported and locally produ[illegible] zines on science, health and technolog[illegible] give him leads about the latest devel[illegible] those fields.

With a new agricultural machine from Kibbutz Degania in the background (above), *'Tatzpit' editor-pr[illegible] Bin-Nun works on another show with* (from left) *Yael Dan, studio director Meir Avihud and progr[illegible] Harush. Looking over the script* (below) *are Bin-Nun and moderator Prof. Yoram Lass.*



Anti-Zionist Rudolf van den Berg (left, centre) *directs a scene in 'Bastille'; Derek de Liut in Fons Rademakers's 1986 film 'The Assault.'*

Reopening old wounds on film

Edna Fainaru views a Holocaust film seminar.

NOT LONG after the Berlin film festival, which featured various aspects of the Holocaust, an invitation came from Holland, whose critics' association had decided to hold an international seminar on films produced in their country about occupation, collaboration and resistance. Before I could suspect that this was just part of a fashionable trend, I was told the workshop had been in the making for five years, a painstaking effort by Dutch film reviewers, who believe that even if the movies directly concerned with this subject represent less than 10 per cent of Holland's film output since the end of the war, they are by far the most significant and relevant films made there.

We arrived in Utrecht, a university town about half an hour from Amsterdam on a sunny, cool Saturday. The traditional flower market covered the central square and it seemed that everyone, man, woman or child, was toting at least one huge bunch of blooms. People were milling about, and the coffee shops were filled to the last table. If a couple rose to get on their bikes and ride away, another couple would get off their bikes to replace them at the table.

BICYCLES led us from that idyll to the grim realities we were to meet on the screen for the next three days. A Dutch colleague mentioned in an article that for years it was the confiscation of bicycles that was one of the things for which his countrymen could never forgive the Germans.

In Holland bicycles are the national means of transport. We saw the Dutch riding them desperately through 16 feature films and at least 10 more feature-length documentaries. Without the twin-wheeled vehicles, one felt, the entire country would stand still; to be deprived of a bicycle would be like having one's legs amputated.

Still, that Saturday, we weren't yet sufficiently immersed in the subject for such reflections. We were still wondering why the Dutch, the one people whose war record seemed impeccable, had organized such a seminar. After all, their rejection of the Germans was not merely an official feeling but a widespread, natural, popular reaction. Why did the Dutch want to discuss occupation and their conduct in the war and ask questions about the real reasons behind the resistance in their country?

THE SEMINAR'S organizers presented their interpretation. The Dutch, they said, are a middle-class nation that had the good fortune not to be involved actively in any fighting from the first half of the last century until World War II – that is, they enjoyed more than a century of peace: decent businessmen who were mainly concerned with their own welfare. They did not build their opposition to the Germans around a political party as happened in most other countries. As for the idea that invasion naturally produced an outpouring of nationalistic feeling, there are some analysts whose dialectics deny this kind of blind, abstract idealism. Once this is denied, it is necessary to explain what did, after all, make the Dutch fight the Nazi occupation.

Let's start with the most recent film (1986), by Holland's foremost filmmaker, Fons Rademakers. *The Assault* shows how an entire family was murdered by the Gestapo after a German officer was found dead at their door. Only the little boy survives, and for the rest of his life he is visited by horrific memories. He desperately tries to escape these nightmares; even his profession indicates this – he is an anesthetist.

He would give anything to forget the past but his daughter, who demands to know everything that happened to her family, brings him face to face with the horrible truth: he discovers that his parents were killed after the Dutch resistance left the body in front of their home, and implicated them because a Jewish family was hidden in the cellar next door. His parents will be remembered as heroes, even if they didn't do a thing to earn it, but in the mind of a suspicious Jewish viewer there is a nagging question: maybe if there hadn't been any refugees in the house next door, the parents would still be alive? Is that what the film implies, without saying it directly?

Rademakers ends his film with father and daughter together joining a huge anti-nuclear demonstration, underscoring a point the workshop wanted to make: unless we learn from the past, we are doomed to repeat the same mistakes.

If Jews were only marginally involved in that film, they are the focus of Kees van Oostrum's *Bitter Sweet*, a memorial to the 100,000 Dutch Jews deported and killed by the Nazis. It tells of a small-town wealthy Jewish family, whose warm relations are admiringly described, particularly those between one daughter and her father, lively and energetic types who enjoy life to the hilt.

Terror pervades the family when the father brings home yellow stars and his daughter reacts with disgust and fury. The father, a survivor, tries to explain that it is an honour to bear this disgrace, that it only identifies her as a Jewish daughter. And what is the daughter of a Jew if not "a real princess?"

Sara, the daughter, and her brother David are left to fend for themselves after their parents are deported to the Amsterdam ghetto. Innocently, Sara sets out to find them and finds thousands of Jews standing in the Amsterdam railway station, waiting to be packed into trains that will take them to the gas chambers.

The tragedy represented in this film is typical of what happened all over Europe, but here the details are allowed to speak. Both Jews and Dutch are portrayed as less than perfect. The Dutch pilfer empty Jewish flats, and Jews occupy the homes of others: Perhaps these details were necessary in order to give a human dimension to characters that otherwise tend to be idealized kitsch, or so it seemed to one hardened Israeli reviewer who had seen many such films. But European colleagues in the next seats were shedding real tears.

A YOUNG Jewish filmmaker, Rudolf van den Berg, came to Jerusalem a couple of years ago to show his film *Bastille* about the identity crisis of a Jew more or less his own age, who symbolically tries to rewrite history (imagining what would have happened had Louis XVI's flight to Varennes succeeded) while looking for his twin brother, who supposedly disappeared in the Holocaust.

Van den Berg is anti-Zionist and has expressed his opinions several times on film. (He wants to make a picture about Israel de Haan, the Agudist intellectual who lived in Jerusalem in the early Twenties. His unconventional ideas about Jewish existence in the Middle East enraged the Zionist establishment, and he was murdered.)

IN AN earlier film, *The Alien's Place*, van den Berg starts with a sequence of anatomical analyses intended to pinpoint the definition of "Jewishness." He measures the dimensions of the face, of the head, of the nose, etc. One is led to the conclusion that racism is nothing more than stupidity. But having established that, the director attempts to show that the absurdity that once condemned Jews causes former victims to perpetrate the same stupidities once they are in charge. He shows trains leaving eastward with a human cargo who will never return. Van den Berg moves to Israel (the film was made in 1979) and shows Israeli soldiers touring Yad Vashem, their trigger-fingers itching. Palestinian women tell him they don't hate Israelis, only soldiers, and these soldiers, as van den Berg has it, are the direct and absurd result of the Holocaust. European persecution produced Israel, but the Jews feel threatened there too, threatened by the Palestinians, and in the vicious circle of attacks and reprisals, Israel's future is obscured by its past.

Van den Berg's film makes some dangerous and dubious assumptions. He claims the Israel authorities refuse any dialogue with the Palestinians, and he compares fear in Israel with fear in Auschwitz. Most Israelis will rightly be annoyed by arbitrary statements such as "Israel wishes to remain ignorant and reacts in fear, as if there was still an Auschwitz somewhere. You can feel this fear in every bus, street and cinema. Is this really the refuge, you ask yourself, for those who fled barbarous Europe?"

But the workshop was mostly Dutch criticizing the Dutch. Its view of the motives that led them to fight for their country, at least in the films shown, was too often less than admirable. Another Rademakers film *The Spitting Image*, made in 1963, is about an insignificant tobacconist who yearned for fame. A mysterious paratrooper, his spitting image, lands in his garden, and instructs him how to assist the Resistance. Once the war is over, the tobacconist discovers that everyone he contacted was eventually caught by the Nazis and he is sent to the gallows. Nobody believes in the existence of his "spitting image," which he may or may not have invented.

In *Pastorale 1943*, a man suspected of collaborating with the Nazis is executed by the town's elders. The film is a marvellously sensitive portrait of the bourgeois mind out of its depth. Wim Verstappen, who tried to bring forth a Dutch New Wave based on the French model, in the early Sixties, really excelled himself in this film. He paints the social disarray caused when people are required to act in ways for which they have no preparation. How does a grocer hold a gun or kill a man he knows intimately as a customer? (Incidentally, in this film, Verstappen discovered a young, shapely actress, Sylvia Kristel, who later became famous as the sex sensation of Europe in films like *Emanuelle*.)

It is possible to see Franz Weisz's docudrama *Charlotte* merely as the story of a girl with a suicidal streak. Nevertheless it is a formidable monument to the memory of Charlotte Salomon, who at 23 died in Auschwitz and left behind a thousand little sketches of a beautiful, civilized, way of life destroyed forever.

Judith Herzberg, who wrote the script for *Charlotte*, broke down during the concluding discussion among the seminar participants, saying that it was a sacrilege to inquire into the motives behind resistance in connection with people who were real saints, who put their lives on the line to save other people, those, in fact, to whom she owes her own life.

Suddenly the real issue emerged. Maybe the Dutch acted as they did in the war because they are the kind of people capable of having this kind of workshop today. Others whose record is nowhere as commendable don't even consider the possibility of reopening old wounds for fear of what they might find. □

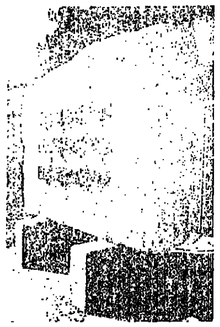
Aldouby's symbols

Gil Goldfine

OCTOGENARIAN SCULPTOR Zvi Aldouby shows 40-odd sculptures in his current retrospective. They project a clearly defined point of view, a position based on the reduction and transformation of natural objects and figurative subjects into elegantly designed forms that are "wrapped" in symbolic or literal meanings related to human destiny, spiritual or physical.

Aldouby's strengths are concentrated in his handling of materials: diligence of surface finish and a talent for compressing multiple forms into compact compositions of a single mass. Whether polishing or sanding an undulating bronze cast to a warm patina, carving wood or chiselling stone, his technical attributes outweigh his purely creative contributions, which for the most part are derivative, influenced, in his early works ("King Saul at Ein Dor," "Owl," "Concentric Sculpture") by modernist masters Brancusi, Moore and Arp. Works from the late Sixties are stylistically inconsistent and indicate a marginal concern for subjective development. The sculptures vary from roughly hewn, multiple unit, wooden monuments saturated with allegorical meanings ("Watchman, What of the Night"), to cold geometric abstractions.

Aldouby has also created more than a dozen environmental works and monuments. Two maquettes from the latter group are amongst the more rewarding pieces in this show. "The Hoshen" (1975), a horizontal slab of rough Hebron stone set with an orderly arranged set of 12 bronze cubes, presents a mighty image as does "Confrontation," an excellent tension-filled composition pitting two vertical standards, one angular, the other curvilinear, against each other.



Zvi Aldouby: "The Hoshen," 1975, stone and bronze sculpture (Herzliya Museum).

Born in 1904 in Carpathian Galicia, Aldouby came here in 1924 and worked as a *haluz* (pioneer) until after World War II when he joined the Jewish Agency's "welfare brigade" for Holocaust survivors, an experience that left an indelible mark on his art. (Herzliya Museum, Rehov Wolfson, Herzliya.) Till end Nov.

ZVIKA ZILKOWITZ's large format photographic prints are exercises in colour and composition. Framing close-ups of pastel shaded building facades, she succeeds in creating abstract geometric designs laminated with atmospheric overtones. Several enlargements are fully non-objective as space, light and texture become subservient to surface pattern and chromatic lyricism. (Herzliya Museum, Herzliya.)

"GHOST TRAIN," a surrealist-oriented film made by **Moshe Muller**, is stacked with all the psychic allegory one can imagine in a 12-minute reel. Shown as part of a "heavenly" installation composed of a dark blue fabric in an arched basilica with gold stars painted on the ceiling and a fallen wooden angel with neon halo on the floor (the film's heroine), Muller's attempt at message art, overstuffed with mundane symbols, a slow-moving scenario and minor performances by the three actors, fails to deliver. "Target," the second feature, begins this week. (Kalisher Five, High School of Art, 5 Kalisher, Tel Aviv.) Till Nov. 27.

MEDAD SOKOLOVSKY has used wooden packing palettes, plastic wrapping bands and wire and steel plates as framing devices for large black and white photographs of people and cityscapes. Handling his installations as associative art, the viewer must accept the concept of two realities, one physical (wire, nails, etc.), the other idealized (photos that insinuate, hint and propose), each telling part of the same story. Interesting. (Camera Obscura, 57 Allenby, Tel Aviv.) Till Dec. 3.

Moshe Mokady: "A Summer's Day", oils, 1968 (Janco Museum).

WATERCOLOURS BY **Yona Shela** belong to the "school" of Holtzman with an occasional sprinkling of Zaritsky's lyrical quality; but Shela's ability to brush in fields of rich transparencies and lay down watery overtones that blend, not bleed, is limited. (Artists Pavilion, 9 Alharizi, Tel Aviv.) Till Nov. 23.

A NEW group show is held together by a similarity of approach, each of the five participants dissecting their subjects and then reassembling them using a painterly language of colour, surface tactility and syncopated compositions. **Dalia Weiss** is the classic collagist *a la* Schwitters; she shuffles cut and torn papers, graphite drawing, strong typography and muted colours into interestingly woven designs. Showing with her are **Shulamit Baharav, Sara Ben Tov, Tal Odeda** and **Shamai Heleni.** (Artists Pavilion, 9 Alharizi, Tel Aviv.) Till Nov. 23. □

The other Mokady

Angela Levine

MOSHE MOKADY (born Poland 1902 – died Israel 1975) is best remembered for his angular studies from the Twenties, such as the one of painter Chaim Atar (now in the collection of Ein Harod) and later sombre and anguished portraits and self-portraits executed as a result of a five-year sojourn in Paris between 1927-32 and contacts there with Chaim Soutine and others.

The present exhibition, held in the Museum of Ein Hod, the village which Mokady helped establish and where he settled permanently in 1965, focuses on another, but equally fascinating aspect of his art: the abstract painting which occupied his attention almost exclusively during the last 15 years of his life.

Although Mokady encountered abstract art in 1946, whilst travelling in Europe shortly after World War II, it took more than ten years for the transition to take place in his painting, from figuration, through simplified forms, to abstraction. This gradual process can be traced by studying the 25 works on display, lent by the artist's widow. Paintings from the early '50s are dark, heavy works with shapes and figures still clearly discernible. Into the Sixties, Mokady's palette lightens and brightens to include pinks, brick-reds, purples, blues and greens. The forms, jagged and abstract, are drawn away from the edges of the canvas, and laid down in almost geometric or linear groupings.

Certain of Mokady's works, in a range of bronze, orange and ochre, reflect the strong light, burning sun and sand colours of desert landscapes. Mokady's abstract art reached its climax in the '70s, in a series of elegant, atmospheric paintings where patches of colour cross and spread across his canvas like falling leaves, against a background of cool, transparent layers of blue-white paint. (Museum Janco-Dada, Ein Hod). Till Dec. 31. □

Moshe Mokady: self-portrait, 1948

The pangs of promise

Meir Ronnen

LARRY ABRAMSON's first big show of paintings in the Capital (he is long a respected figure in the Israeli print world) includes several large canvases just back from the Venice Biennale; most of the other works are oils on paper, painted over dark washes of turpentine. All of the show is devoted to the theme of Mt. Nevo, with allusions not only to Moses gazing longingly at the Promised Land he is destined never to enter, but also to the artist poised on the edge of promise – or on the edge of an abyss.

Only a few of the paintings contain a clearly discernible figure, usually in the centre of the horizontal canvas, seen from the back, as though trying to penetrate the canvas itself. The loosely drawn outlines delineate a male nude in the spirit of Enzo Cucchi or Sandro Chia, but the abyss – or valley – facing them is swathed in gloom, effectively painted in low-keyed colours of scant tonal contrast. In the best work, the abyss is ethereal, flanked by the drawn-painted vegetation of both sides of the valley.

In some of the works on paper however, Abramson has fallen prey to graphic gimmicks: fairly hard-edge areas symbolizing light on the summit; or graffiti that are variously symbolic feet or a street lamp (?), poorly drawn and out of kilter with the painterly elements. But in others, the contrasts between the deep washes of pigment and turpentine and the richly coloured impasto overpainting create a pleasant play of colour and textural effects. But if it all wasn't entitled "Nevo", what would you make of it all? Pictures have to stand by themselves, just as music has to transcend the libretto. (Alka Brown Galleries, Talpiot Industrial Zone, J'lem). Till Dec. 13. □

Pinchas Litvinovsky: "The Jazz Violinist," late '50s (J'lem Artists House).

GIDEON OFRAT has launched a new series of exhibitions in the tiny mezzanine gallery of the Jerusalem Artists House with a show of oils on card and paper from the Fifties by the late **Pinhas Litvinowsky** (1894-1985) one of the founding fathers of Israeli art. Subsequent shows in the series are to deal with unfamiliar aspects of works by neglected or "forgotten" figures. The question begged is: are they worth it?

Litvinowsky was, long, long ago, a very fine painter who also made a living by producing slick but impressively accurate likenesses of the great, most of them painted in low-key, green-hued oils taken from photographs. From the Fifties on, Litvi became something of a recluse, turning out huge quantities of simplistic sketch paintings in bold, often primary colours, printed in a flat graphic manner, highly formalised, figurative paintings that owed a great deal to the angular formalisations of Picasso. This exhibit is a perfect example of what the late, slick, superficial Litvi was all about, although I doubt if that was Ofrat's intention. The paintings are grouped by themes; woman and cow, the violinist, the painter at his easel. In each case the same design is repeated in different combinations of colour versus area. The two "portraits" of Ben-Gurion show the painter at his worst: they are trivial compositions which fail to catch any aspect of the sitter's character. It's all a sad comedown from Litvi the once careful and richly competent painter.

Before Dr. Ofrat proceeds further, may we respectfully suggest that what most of us want to see is art, not art history.

THERE ARE three other shows at the same venue. **Tamar Dubrowski**, a promising graduate of the Haifa University art school, has turned from painting thoughtful imaginary landscapes to making the sort of vaguely landscape-based lyrical abstract-expressionist canvases that were in vogue everywhere in the Fifties and Sixties. They are mostly slick and contrived, counterpointing a single huge mass with a number of small spots of colour that also stand in contrast to her method of wiping great swathes of pigment to form a shape as well as suggesting a movement. Though most of her canvases are too artful by half, a few contain really interesting compositional ideas, notably the thoughtful (5). Dubrowski generally uses big guns to swat flies; she should also avoid wide white frames; most of her skilled paintings would look better without any frame at all.

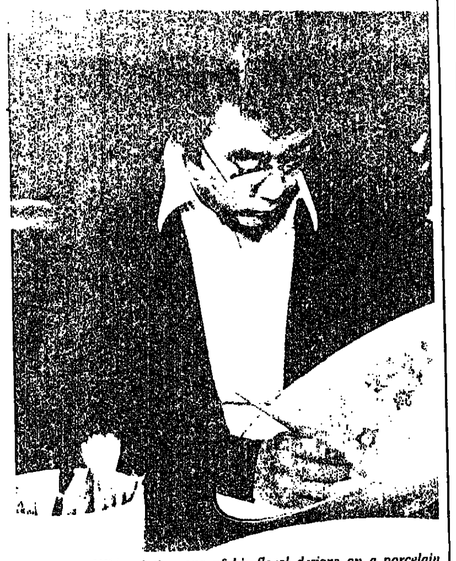
Then again, **Edna Hirsch**, a Bezalel graduate who later taught there, makes serial works that are sizzling with compositional ideas but never succeeds in making a sum of all the parts. Several of her paintings on paper present no fewer than a dozen variations on a single compositional idea, in both line and colour; any one of the sections would make a painting in itself. But the groups themselves do not form compositions, are not related to each other as shapes and have no real relation to the rectangle that bounds them. The result: a collection of sketches. But I particularly liked the ideas in (11) (12) and (17). One hopes the artist will take just a few of them and work them up into full-scale paintings.

Finally, at the same venue, a series of interiors by **Dalia Pell-Dahut** shows that she is not yet ready for a show of paintings. Included in the exhibit is a fine charcoal drawing from her recent Jerusalem debut in black and white. But this young artist has not yet found a point of view, in either colour or form. Each of her canvases remains tentative and indecisive, the forms barely organised, the colours applied with insufficient logic. In art, even disorder requires a logic of its own. (Jerusalem Artists House). Till Dec. 3. □

From father to son

Meir Ronnen

A DELIGHTFUL collection of unique Japanese porcelains went on view at the Israel Museum this week. They are unique because the secret of *nigoshide*, their warm creamy white glaze, has remained in the Sakaida family for 14 generations, handed down only to the eldest male son. Each has taken the name of Kakiemon, while younger sons were sent out for adoption. The present master, Kakiemon XIV, learned the mixing of oxides and colours from Kakeimon XII and the art of shaping the beautifully proportioned ware from Kakiemon III, his own exquisite floral designs, based on his paintings made directly from nature, have a clarity of design and a character of their own of which any of his predecessors would have been proud. All the pieces on view are from the Sakaida family collection.



Kakiemon XIV painting one of his floral designs on a porcelain covered with the secret nigoshide glaze. Below is an 18th century teapot from the current Israel Museum exhibition of Kakiemon porcelain.

Photos courtesy of the Israel Museum.

This exhibition gives us a good basis for comparison: the earliest pieces on show are over 300 years old. There are also examples from the 18th century, bowls, jugs, teapots, incense burners, vases. Then there is a gap. The art of *nigoshide* disappeared in the 19th century and was revived only in 1953, after three decades of experiments interrupted by the Pacific war.

The Japanese imported porcelains from China and Korea until early in the 17th century, when porcelain clay was discovered in the Arita district, still today Japan's major pottery centre. A samurai foray into Korea at the time was a military failure, but the Shogun returned with a dozen or so Korean porcelain masters and the Japanese industry was launched.

Around 1642 a master ceramicist, Kakiemon Sakaida, succeeded in preparing a glaze that was warmer than the cold blue glazes of China's Ming Dynasty period. Although the priceless 17th century Kakiemon pieces on view here are distinctly Ming in character and form, there is already a Japanese touch to their details. Some use the traditional Chinese depictions of dragon and griffin that have persisted for hundreds of years; they also employ the Ming devices of medallions and geometric framing of designs on each side of the piece. But it was not long before the first Kakiemon was introducing designs drawn from Japanese painting.

Ming wares had found their way to the West, where they are of course, still prized. But the Kakiemon cream glazes were a revelation to the houses of Meissen, Delft and Chelsea, who did their best to copy them.

Contemporary Kakiemon ware has a happy, even jolly serenity to it that is also virtually unique, despite the fact that it is turned out in some quantity, though at prices that can be afforded only by wealthy collectors. After the *nigoshide* base has been fired, floral or tree designs are added in five or seven colours, dominated by an orange-brown and a rich blue both made from oxides fired at high temperatures. Borders and frames made of geometric and linear forms and the designs, all planned or made by the master, seem to lie organically within the quite wonderful profiles of the bowls; indeed the shapes and proportions of the bowls are even more satisfying than the decorations, but each complements the other. Colours are bright without being kitschy and the handling is agreeably free, despite being carefully controlled. The pieces rarely mix species, but each work is a riot of peonies, gladioli, azaleas, carnations or strawberry blossoms. Birds also make an appearance in tondo designs of pines and plums, with an occasional bamboo for vertical rigidity.

This unusual exhibition, impeccably mounted by Curator Rivka Bitterman and her designer Hulina Hamou, is backed by a series of excellent colour photographs tracing the birth of a porcelain jar from lumps in a quarry to the stone moulds on which the clay is laid after hundreds of kneadings, to the hand of the assistant filling in geometric patterns brushed with incredible exactitude by the master, who is also shown sorting hundreds of his watercolour sketches from nature. The last photograph, of women working in the traditional studio at desks of great beauty, is a tribute to the Japanese sense of aesthetics; in such an environment, it would be nothing less than sacrilege to produce something that was not artistic.

The exhibition is mounted with the cooperation of the Japanese Embassy and is said to be insured for a sum I dare not mention. But its real values have nothing to do with Mammon. □

Larry Abramson: "Nevo-capsella", oils (Brown, Talpiot). See "L".

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Cinemas

JERUSALEM

BEIT AGRON Tel. 247587
Fri. 2: ARTHUR
Fri. 3:45: JEWEL OF THE NILE
Sat. 4:30: CINDERELLA AND THE BLUE DOG
Sat. 6: KENTUCKY FRIED MOVIE
Sat. 7:45: BIRDY
Sat. 10: 9½ WEEKS
Sat. 12 midnight: ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW

EDEN Tel. 223829
HIGHLANDER
Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9

EDISON Tel. 221444/5
2nd week
THE CLAN OF THE CAVE BEAR
Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9

HABIRA Tel. 232366
15th week
Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:15
RICOCHETS
("Two Fingers From Sidon")
New Israeli film
English subtitles

JERUSALEM THEATRE Tel. 667167
Fri. 10 a.m.: Weekdays 6:30
SHOAH (I)
Sat. 6:30; Weekdays 1
SHOAH (II)

KFIR Tel. 242523
2nd week
HANNAH AND HER SISTERS
Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9

MITCHELL Tel. 227950
TROUBLE IN MIND
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9

ORGIL Tel. 234176
2nd week
EL AMOR BRUJO
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9:15

ORION OR 1 Tel. 222914
4th week
ALIENS
Adults Only
Sat. 6:30, 9
Weekdays 4, 6:30, 9

ORION OR 3 Tel. 222914
4th week
BIG TROUBLE IN LITTLE CHINA
Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4.30, 7, 9

ORNA Tel. 224733
2nd week
PIRATES
Sat. 6:45, 9
Weekdays 4:30, 6:45, 9

RON Tel. 234704
3rd week
THE BURMESE HARP
Sat. 7, 9
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9

SEMADAR Tel. 633742
2nd week
A ROOM WITH A VIEW
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9:15

SMALL AUDITORIUM BINYENEI HA'UMA Tel. 225309
MONA LISA
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9

TEL AVIV

BEIT LESSIN 34 Weizmann St. Tel. 216653
Fri. 2:30 p.m.: Mon. 11:15 p.m.
SLEEPER
Fri., Sat., Sun. 11:15 p.m.: LOVE AND WAR
Tue. 11:15 p.m.: BANANAS
Wed. 11:15 p.m.: EVERYTHING YOU WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX
Thur. 11:15 p.m.: ANNIE HALL

BEN-YEHUDA Tel. 222759
13th week
★ TOM CRUISE
★ KELLY McGILLIS
TOP GUN
A Tony Scott film
Fri. 9:45 p.m., Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

BETH HATEFUTSOTH
4th week
YENTL
★ BARBRA STREISAND
★ AMY ERWIN
Mon. 8 p.m.

CHEN 1 Tel. 282288
5th week
ALIENS
The new movie
Fri. 9:45 p.m.: 12:30
Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 4:25, 7, 9:45
PIRATES
Sat. 11 a.m.

CHEN 2
7th week
JOSHUA THEN AND NOW
Fri. 9:30 p.m., 12:45 midnight
Sat. 7:30, 9:45
Weekdays 5, 7:25, 9:45
SWORD IN THE STONE
Sat. 11 a.m

CHEN 3
THE COLOR PURPLE
Sat. and weekdays 6:15, 9:15
DOWN AND OUT IN BEVERLY HILLS
Fri. 10 p.m., 12:15 (after midnight)
DUMBO THE FLYING ELEPHANT
Sat. 11 a.m.

CHEN 4
5th week
DONNA FLOR AND HER TWO HUSBANDS
Fri. 11 a.m., 9:50 p.m., 12:05
Sat. 7:30, 9:45
Weekdays 11 a.m., 2, 5, 7:40, 9:50
LADY AND THE TRAMP
Sat. 11 a.m.

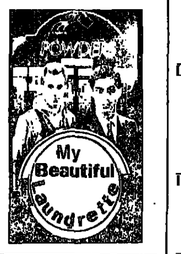
CHEN 5
ABOUT LAST NIGHT
Fri. 10 p.m., 12:15
Sat. 7:30, 9:45
Weekdays 11, 2, 5, 7:30, 9:45
CARE BEARS
Sat. 11 a.m.

CINEMA ONE Tel. 657952
PRETTY IN PINK
Fri. 10 p.m., Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

CINEMA TWO Tel. 657952
2nd week
QUEST FOR FIRE
Fri. 10 p.m., Sat. 7:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

DEKEL Tel. 454114
6th week
BIG TROUBLE IN LITTLE CHINA
Directed by John Carpenter
★ KURT RUSSELL
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:30

DIZENGOFF I Tel. 200485
9th week
MONA LISA
Fri. 11 a.m., 1:30, 10
Sat. 7:15, 9:40
Weekdays 11 a.m., 1:30, 4:45, 7:15, 9:40

DIZENGOFF II Tel. 200485
4th week


DIZENGOFF III Tel. 200485
KISS OF THE SPIDERWOMAN
Fri. 11 a.m., 1:30, 10
Sat. 7:15, 9:40
Weekdays 11 a.m., 1:30, 4:45, 7:15, 9:40

DRIVE-IN Tel. 403080
POLICE ACADEMY
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7:30, 9:30
Sex film
Fri. 12:15 (after midnight)
Sat. and weekdays 12 midnight

ESTHER Tel. 225610
2nd week
DANGEROUS GROUND
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:15, 9:40
Weekdays 5, 7.30, 9:40

GAT Tel. 267888
3rd week
EL AMOR BRUJO
Directed by Carlos Saura
Music by Manuel De Falla
★ ANTONIO GADES
★ CHRISTINA HOYOS
★ LAURA DEL SOL
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7.15, 9:30

NEW CINEMA GORDON GITTIS RAMAT GAN
87 Ben Yehuda, Tel. 244373
SOME LIKE IT HOT
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

INSTITUT FRANCAIS
Sat. 7:30:
LES NANAS
English subtitles
Tue. 7:30:
BOY MEETS GIRL
Hebrew subtitles

ISRAEL CINEMATHEQUE Tel. 258200
Sat. 7:30
THE MOON'S FAVOURITES
Sat. 9:30
RUMBLE FISH

HOD
3rd week
Fri. 9:45 p.m., 12
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30
The world bestseller now on the screen! A stunningly beautiful film based on the book by Jean M. Auel.
THE CLAN OF THE BEAR
★ DARYL HANNAH
★ JAMES REMAR
Directed by Michael Chapman

LEV I Tel. 288868
Dizengoff Centre
4th week
THE BURMESE HARP
A Kon Ichikawa film
"The top cinematic achievement of the season"
(International Herald Tribune)
Fri. 10 p.m.: Sat. 7:30, 9:45
Weekdays 2, 5, 7:30, 9:45

LEV II Tel. 288868
10th week
TROUBLE IN MIND
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 2, 5, 7:30, 9:30

LEV III Tel. 288868
7th week
PROM QUEEN
Fri. 10 p.m., Sat. 7:30, 9:40
Weekdays 2, 5, 7:30, 9:40

LEV IV Tel. 288868
2nd week
OTELLO
Fri. 10 p.m., Sat. 7:30, 9:45 p.m.
Weekdays 2, 5, 7:30, 9:45

LIMOR HAMEHUDASH Tel 260773
HEARTBREAKERS
Fri. 10 p.m., 12 midnight
Sat. 7:30, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:30, 9:30

MAXIM Tel. 287457
4th week
AGAINST ALL ODDS
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

ORLY Tel. 284025
7th week
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30
★ MERYL STREEP
★ JACK NICHOLSON
Sex. Love. Marriage.
Some people don't know when to quit.
A Mike Nichols Film
HEARTBURN

PARIS Tel. 222282
13th week
VAGABONDE
An Agnes Varda film
English subtitles
Fri. 12 noon, 10 p.m., 12
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 12, 2, 4, 7:15, 9:30
Fri. 2:30: RUMBLE FISH
4:30: LULU
Sat. 11 a.m.: RUMBLE FISH
1: FIRE AND ICE
3: BELLE DE JOUR
5: ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW
11:30: BULLSHOT

SIVAN Tel. 657820
58 Altenby St.
Fri. 10 p.m., 12
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:15, 9:30
Film by Dusan Makavejev
ET LA TENDRESSE?... BORDEL!
Movie by Patrick Shulman
("Zig Zag Story")
English subtitles
Sat. 1 p.m.: SINGIN' IN THE RAIN
3: LOLITA
Sat. 11:45 p.m.: THE STING
Tue. 11:45 p.m.: ALEX'S FRIENDS
Thur. 11:45 p.m.: SAVE THE SAVIOR

PEER Tel. 443795
9th week
"Ricochets" TWO FINGERS FROM SIDON
English & French subtitles
Fri. 10 p.m
Sat. 7:30, 9:40
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:30

SHAHAF Tel. 296645
2nd week
HANNAH AND HER SISTERS
A Woody Allen film
★ MICHAEL CAINE
★ MIA FARROW
★ CARRIE FISHER
Fri. 9:45 p.m., 12
Sat. 7, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:30

Tomus
Tel. 412761
14th week
THE GODS MUST BE CRAZY
A Jamie Uys film
made with much affection and pleasant madness
Fri. 10 p.m., 12:15
Sat. and weekdays 7 15, 9.30
Sat. 1: SEVEN BEAUTIES
3: MY UNCLE FROM AMERICA
11:45: PSYCHO I
Tue. 11:45 p.m.: TAXI DRIVER
Thur. 11:45 p.m.:
ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW

TCHELET Tel. 443950
REUBEN REUBEN
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:15, 9.30

TEL AVIV Tel. 288181
3rd week
Fri. 10 p.m., 12
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 5, 7:15, 9:30
★ CHRISTOPHER LAMBERT
★ SEAN CONNERY
HIGHLANDER
There Can Be Only One

TEL AVIV MUSEUM Tel. 261297
24th week
SHOAH (I)
Weekdays 1 p.m.
SHOAH (II)
Weekdays 6:30

ZAFON Tel. 443966
12th week
A ROOM WITH A VIEW
The most acclaimed film of the year!
★ MAGGIE SMITH
★ DENHOLM ELLIOTT
★ JUDI DENCH
★ HELENA BONHAM CARTER
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:30

HAIFA

AMPHITHEATRE Tel. 664017/8
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15
A Thriller
FOUL PLAY

ARMON Tel. 664848
HIGHLANDER
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15

ATZMON 1 Tel. 663003
11th week
TOP GUN
Fri. 10:15 p.m.
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:45, 7:15, 9:30

ATZMON 2 Tel. 663003
5th week
MONA LISA
Fri. 10:15 p.m.
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:45, 7:15, 9:30

CHEN Tel. 666272
2nd week
ALIENS
Sat. and weekdays 6:30, 9

CENTRE CULTUREL FRANCAIS
50 St. Moriah Tel. 383727
Tue. 6:30: L'EVANGILE SELON SAINT MATHIEU
Wed. 6, CHLINE ET JULIE VONT EN BATEAU

KEREM OR HAMEHUDASH Tel. 663443
3rd week
VAGABONDE
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15
Sat. 11:30 p.m.
ANNIMAL HOUSE
Thur. 11.30 p.m MONTY PYTHON – THE LIFE OF BRIAN

ORAH Tel. 66401/78
2nd week
THE CLAN OF THE CAVE BEAR
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15

ORLY Tel. 81868
3rd week
A ROOM WITH A VIEW
Sat. and weekdays 6:30, 9

PEER Tel. 662232
DANGEROUS GROUND
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:15

RAV-GAT 1
7th week
JOSHUA THEN AND NOW
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 6:45, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 6:45, 9:15

RAV-GAT 2
THE GODS MUST BE CRAZY
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 6:45, 9

RON Tel. 669069
QUEST FOR FIRE
Sat. 7, 9:15
Weekdays 4:30, 6:45, 9

SHAVIT Tel. 385345
2nd week
HANNAH AND HER SISTERS
(Woody Allen)
★ MICHAEL CAINE
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7, 9

RAMAT GAN

ARMON Tel. 720706
TOOTH FOR TOOTH
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:30, 9:45
Weekdays 4:30, 7:30, 9:40

LILY Tel. 744238
2nd week
HANNAH AND HER SISTERS
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:30

OASIS Tel. 739592
5th week
ALIENS
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7, 9:45
Weekdays 4, 6:40, 9:30

Film briefs

Dan Fainaru

ABOUT LAST NIGHT – A romantic comedy as complex as a glass of water with as fascinating an aftertaste. He and she meet in a bar, live together, have a fight and separate, but the end promises they will come together again. The oldest Hollywood formula, reworked in predictable fashion, with heart-throbs Rob Lowe and Demi Moore as the lovers. James Belushi works hard to supply the comic relief. The sexual perversities of Chicago promised by the original David Mamet play were lost on the way by director Edward Zwick.

ALIENS – Officer Ripley (Sigourney Weaver) goes back to fight the mysterious giant insects that did a murderous job on a spaceship in Ridley Scott's *Alien*. This time around the scope is enlarged from one spaceship to a whole planet, and the pure science-fiction horror yarn is injected with a breath of humanity by director James Cameron, with better results than in the original.

BIG TROUBLE IN LITTLE CHINA – Comic books have never been as infantile as this offspring of theirs, and that takes some doing. A moronic truck driver pairs off with a diminutive Chinese restaurateur in San Francisco, to battle an evil spirit that has been kicking *around for the last 2,100 years*. Big sets, special effects and little else. With Kurt Russell and Kim Cattrall. In America, this item has been peddled as great fun for the mean at heart.

BIRDY – Social protest and anti-war propaganda tend to be confused in this otherwise impressive tale of friendship between two youngsters, both victims of the conditions surrounding them. Growing up in a Philadelphia slum, one of them puts up an angry, antagonistic face towards the animosity of the world, the other dreams of flying like a bird. Sent to Vietnam, the first returns with his face smashed up, but sounder in spirit than his friend, whom he is asked to help pull out of acute melancholia and muteness. Nicholas Cage and Matthew Modine offer two of the best performances of the year. British director Alan Parker may be better on form than content, but very few will complain about it in this film.

BOY MEETS GIRL – A 23-year-old director from France, Leos Carax, tries to renovate film language in a black and white exercise which does not tell a story but rather paints a situation. The entire film is concerned with people finding it impossible to communicate with other people: on the same level, with couples splitting apart, and with men and women who cannot live together but can't face solitude either. Often declamatory, sometimes obscure and precious, it is still refreshing to see a departure from the old, tired and worn-out patterns.

THE BURMESE HARP – Kon Ichikawa's remake of his 1956 award-winning anti-war picture, this time in colour and shot entirely on location. A Japanese soldier who witnesses the desolation and death spread by the Second World War refuses to go back to normal life and decides to stay behind in Burma, as long as its earth is soaked in blood. A lyrical, moving cinematic poem, which echoes an idealism often lost on our generation.

THE COLOR PURPLE – A black soap opera to draw your tear ducts. A black woman grows from social and personal slavery into an accomplished and fulfilled human being. Director Steven Spielberg mills every melodramatic situation for all it is worth, painting the villains all black and the heroines all innocent and pure at heart. Whoopi Goldberg, Oprah Winfrey, Danny Glover and the rest of the cast lend a helping hand to what is assuredly the most professional artefact to be made in years. No wonder it is such a box office success.

DONNA FLOR AND HER TWO HUSBANDS – Jorge Amado's novel about a woman wedded to the spirit of her irreverent first husband, a charming rogue, while being the devoted wife of an elderly, boring pharmacist the rest of the time, is given piquant treatment by director Nino Baretto, fully exploiting the considerable charms of Sonia Braga in the lead.

EL AMOR BRUJO (Bewitched Love) – The *famous Manuel de Falla ballet extended and* elaborated into a full-length feature. Carlos Saura's third picture with dancer-choreographer Antonio Gades is the weakest, neither the drama nor the dancing fulfilling expectations. Cristina Hoyos is the widow bewitched by the memory of her late, philandering husband and Laura del Sol the fickle woman who caused his death.

THE GODS MUST BE CRAZY – The doubtful benefits of modern civilization seen from the perspective of a bushman mystified by the Coca-Cola he finds in the middle of nowhere. A South African comedy by James Uys. If not quite candid camera, very much in the spirit of it.

HEARTBURN – Nora Ephron adapted her own autobiographical novel about her marriage to philandering journalist Carl Bernstein into a superficial gossipy script which seems to be concerned with nothing more than settling private accounts. Mike Nichols prefers to have Jack Nicholson and Meryl Streep play themselves to avoid any unpleasantness from persons directly affected by the story, and the result can't be anything but tame. Strictly for the fans of the two stars.

JOSHUA THEN AND NOW – Ted Kotcheff adapts another Mordechai Richler novel but this is a far cry from Daddy Kravitz. Joshua Shapira is another alley cat from Montreal's St. Urban neighbourhood, who almost makes it as a writer and marries into the aristocracy, only to realize that he will never be rid of his proletarian roots. Cut from a four-hour TV mini-series, this is fragmented and stammering, but has its funny moments among its many dreary ones. James Woods is far too earnest in the lead; Gabrielle Lazure is mainly decorative as his spouse; and Alan Arkin steals most scenes as his father.

KISS OF THE SPIDERWOMAN – A homosexual and a revolutionary share the same cell in an imaginary jail of an imaginary authoritarian state. Their consuming relationship dwells on the relative notions of freedom, escape and imagination. A fascinating, complex novel by Manuel Puig becomes a virtuoso piece for two actors, William Hurt (who got an Oscar for his performance) and Raul Julia. It is tensely directed by Hector Babenco, often confusing and as often entrancing.

MONA LISA – Worth seeing for the performance of Bob Hoskins as an outdated gangster who, after seven years in jail, becomes the bodyguard of a black call-girl servicing clients all over London. Strong direction by Neil Jordan. Kathy Tyson is persuasive as the high-class hooker with a big chip on her shoulder, but the script aspires to symbolic profundities it never achieves.

NADIA – An Arab girl in search of a better education enrols in a Jewish boarding school and has to face people her own age, from *different backgrounds, with different traditions* and education. In addition, there is the natural diffidence caused by her national identity in the special political context of Israel today. Director Amnon Rubinstein, using a story by Galilah Ron-Feder, makes a pleasant, optimistic picture, rather too light-weight considering the gravity of the problems it deals with. Hanna Azoulay-Hasfari acquits herself creditably in the lead, but can't help looking too mature for a high school student.

9½ WEEKS – The title indicates the length of the relationship between a macho stockbroker and a luscious blonde working in an art gallery. The couple explore the outer limits of sexual experimentation, with only the cleaner stuff shown clearly, just what middle-class morality would consider bearable outrageousness. Mickey Rourke looks like a tough guy lost in a tuxedo, and Kim Basinger looks better than the acts. Adrian *(Flashdance)* Lyne directs a pretty, stylish and totally vacuous movie.

OTELLO – Franco Zefirelli's adaptation of Verdi's opera is stunning visually, and bound to fascinate those who are less concerned with fidelity to the Bard and the original score and more interested in action on the screen. Placido Domingo has found his best film role yet; Katya Ricciarelli looks like the classic Desdemona; and Justino Diaz is a Iago who seems to be trained for the cinema. However, chunks of missing music and numerous dramatic liberties are bound to enrage the purists.

PIRATES – Walter Matthau plays Captain Red as a close kin of Long John Silver, Captain Hook and every other villainous buccaneer who ever prowled the high seas in this spectacular Polanski spoof of the swashbuckling genre. Sadly lacking in plot and action, it has plenty of sneering comments on human nature to save it from foundering altogether.

PROM QUEEN – A profoundly desperate portrait of Israel today, as reflected in a boarding school in which violence and intolerance are rampant, and force is the only valid argument. Yitzhak "Zeppel" Yeshurun's film is disjointed, fragmented and sometimes clumsy, but shouldn't be ignored. With Alon Aboutboul, Yitzhak Ben-Ner and Avital Ilcer.

PRETTY IN PINK – A typically vacuous hit of the silly Eighties. A cute redhead from the wrong side of the track falls in love with a shy heir from Sixth Hill. All the tired old Hollywood formulas are trotted out again. The music on the sound track is polite and everybody, including the poor, drives European cars. Poor America. John Hughes wrote and produced. Howard Deutch directed and Molly Ringwald does her best to step into Doris Day's shoes as the nice girl next door.

REUBEN REUBEN – Tom Conti plays a dissipated, alcoholic, lecherous, rumpled Welsh poet who survives by lecturing about his own *poetry at ladies' tea parties in American suburbia*. Intelligent entertainment.

RICOCHETS – The life of an Israeli patrol in Lebanon during the last few weeks before the pull-back is portrayed from a strictly Israeli point of view. The soldiers are endearing, humane and bright; the Arabs, a faceless threat. The realistic acting creates an authentic atmosphere, almost as if this were a documentary shot by one side about its own people and limited only to that aspect. As far as this goes, director Eli Cohen made an efficient, often moving portrait of the life, frustrations and pent-up anger of the average Israeli soldier fighting a war whose essence has long been lost on him. Ronnie Pinkovitch, Alon Aboutboul and Shaul Mizrahi head one of the most homogeneously successful casts in recent Israeli films.

A ROOM WITH A VIEW – Adapted from an early E.M. Forster novel, James Ivory's film is an amusing society game, in which everybody tries to keep up appearances and anyone who doesn't is considered dangerous to the well-being of the gentry. Helena Bonham-Carter is almost prepared to give up passionate Julian *Sands for snobbish Daniel Day-Lewis, while* Maggie Smith wrings her hands in despair, doing all the wrong things, which lead, of course, to the right results.

RUMBLE FISH – Francis Ford Coppola's display of sheer virtuosity in this black-and-white tribute to the youth-oriented films of the Fifties. It is all about being born on the right or wrong side of the tracks and about the myth of the motorcycle and the leather jacket. Matt Dillon and Diana Lane are surrounded by supporting actors, such as Nicholas Cage, who crowd them off the screen.

SHOAH – A unique experience in the annals of our century, a brilliantly conceived, deeply disturbing and profoundly affecting mammoth work, which takes the Holocaust out of the history books and drops it right in our laps. In nine and a half hours of interviews, Claude Lanzmann fills in all the details which transform the mechanism of genocide from an abstract idea to horrific reality and at the same time offers a despairing image of the world which could conceive it so thoroughly and could go on living without learning anything out of it. No responsible human being can afford to miss this essential lesson.

THREE MEN AND A CRADLE – Three confirmed bachelors are presented with a baby girl, fathered by one of them, and have to cope with the unexpected burden, while the mother is away making a living as a fashion model in America. A French comedy, which beat all the American blockbusters at the box office, this is a cute piece by director Coline Serreau, who takes an amused look at the way men, who think of themselves as macho, would handle chores thought to be "woman's work." Michel Boujenah, as the *early-headed designer, who is* the first to fall in love with the new member of the family, is the best of the cast.

TROUBLE IN MIND – Another intimate piece from director Alan Rudolph *(Choose Me)*, this time about an ex-cop released from jail (Kris Kristofferson) who goes back to the bar kept by an old acquaintance (Genevieve Bujold) where he meets a worthless punk (Keith Carradine) and his timid wife (Lori Singer). Carradine dreams of easy riches, Singer takes up with Kristofferson for relief, and the movie combines lots of atmosphere with some very tough action. Characters are stronger than plot.

VAGABONDE – French director Agnes Varda paints the portrait of the ultimate drop-out deciding to reject society, a secretary refusing any compromises whatsoever, sinking deeper into her own private hell of solitude and misery as the price she has to pay for total and absolute freedom. A powerful and depressing film, featuring an unusually strong performance by Sandrine Bonnaire.

WHEN FATHER WAS AWAY ON BUSINESS – A delightful, touching and wise Yugoslav story, made in the early fifties, of simple people trying to survive political stupidity. It is full of love and understanding for the foibles of human nature, has no villains to speak of, and is told through the eyes of a chubby six-year-old, who may be innocent but is nobody's dupe. Director Emir Kusturica, 30, got the Golden Palm in Cannes for this film, and the Critics' Prize to top it. Shouldn't be missed.

Some of the films listed are restricted to adult audiences. Please check with the cinema.

ORDEA Tel. 721720
7th week
RICOCHETS
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

RAV-GAN 1 Tel. 797121
6th week
DOWN AND OUT IN BEVERLY HILLS
Fri. 10 p.m., 12:20
Sat. 7:40, 9:50
Weekdays 7:30, 9:50
SWORD IN THE STONE
Sat. 11 a.m.

RAV-GAN 2
KISS OF THE SPIDERWOMAN
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7, 9:40
Weekdays 5, 7, 9:40
CARE BEARS
Sat. 11 a.m.

RAV-GAN 3
4th week
3 HOMMES ET UN COUFIN
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:30, 9:40
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:40
ALICE IN WONDERLAND
Sat. 11 a.m.

RAV-GAN 4
2nd week
JOSHUA THEN AND NOW
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:30, 9:40
Weekdays 5, 7:30, 9:40
20,000 Leagues Under The Sea
Sat. 11 a.m.

HERZLIYA

DAN ACCADIA CINEMA CLUB Tel. 052-557799
LORD OF THE RINGS
Fri. 2:30
Israel Premiere
BACK TO SCHOOL
Sat. 5:30, 7:30, 9:30
MURPHY'S ROMANCE
Sun., Mon. 7, 9:30
AT CLOSE RANGE
Tue. 7, 9:30
THE HOLCROFT COVENANT
Wed., Thur. 7, 9:30

DANIEL HOTEL The Auditorium
Sat., Sun., Mon., 7:15, 9:30
3 HOMMES ET UN COUFIN
Tue., Thur. 7:15, 9:30
THE HITCHER

DAVID Tel. 540768
F.X.
MURDER BY ILLUSION
Sat., Sun. 7:15, 9:30
Mon.-Thur. 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

HECHAL Tel. 81505
2nd week
TOP GUN
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

NEW TIFERET Tel. 87300
2nd week
THE COLOR PURPLE
Sat. and weekdays 6:45, 9:30

HOLON

ARMON HAMEHUDASH Tel. 842431
6th week
RICOCHETS
("Two Fingers From Sidon")
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7:30, 9:30
CLOCKWORK ORANGE
Sat. 11:30 p.m.
SAVE THE LIFESAVER
Thur. 11:30 p.m.

MATNAS HOLON
AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON
Sat., Sun., Mon., Tue., Thur. 7:30, 9:30
THE CRAZY JUNGLE WAKES UP
Sat., Sun., Mon., Tue., Thur. 4:30

MIGDAL Tel. 841839
NADIA
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. and weekdays 7:15, 9:30

SAVOY Tel. 847141
THE HITCHER
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

BAT YAM

ATZMAUT Tel. 866320
TOP GUN
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30
Tue. 7:15, 9:30 only

GIVATAYIM

HADAR Tel. 719002
OTELLO
Sat. 7, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7, 9:30

RAMAT HASHARON

KOCHAV Tel. 491979
REMO THE FIRST ADVENTURE
Sun., Mon., Wed., Thur. 7
WHEN FATHER WAS AWAY ON BUSINESS
Sat. 1:30 p.m.;
Sat. and weekdays 9:30 p.m.
GULLIVER'S TRAVELS
Sat. 11 a.m.; Tue., Wed., Thur. 4
HOTEL NEW HAMPSHIRE
Fri. 11:45 p.m.; Sat. 12 midnight

PETAH TIKVA

G.G. HECHAL 1 Tel. 917374
TOP GUN
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7:15, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

G.G. HECHAL 2
HANNAH AND HER SISTERS
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 7, 9:30
Weekdays 4:30, 7:15, 9:30

G.G. HECHAL 3
3rd week
THE COLOR PURPLE
Fri. 10 p.m.
Sat. 6:45, 9:30
Weekdays 4:15, 6:45, 9:30

KIRYAT ONO

COMMUNITY CENTRE
SHORT CIRCUIT
Sat 11 a.m., 6:30
Mon., Tue. 6:30
Wed. 4:30, 6:30
CREATOR
Sat., Mon., Tue., Wed. 9 p.m.

Cinemathèque

November 21–28

Fri. 14:00 **Fandango**, dir: Kevin Reynolds; 16:00 **Backlash** dir: Bill Bennett (Australia)
Sat. 17:30 **King David**, dir: Bruce Beresford; 19:30 **Start the Revolution without Me**, dir: Bud Yorkin; 21:30 **Ragtime** dir: Milos Forman
Sun. 19:00 **Paper Moon**, dir: Peter Bogdanovich; 21:30 **Las Madres: The Mothers of Plaza de Mayo**, dir: Susana Muszat, Lourdes Portillo (small hall); 21:30 **Oh! What a Lovely War**, dir: Richard Attenborough
Mon. 19:00 **Breaker Morant**, dir: Bruce Beresford (Australia); 19:00 **In This Life's Body**, dir: Corinne Cantrill (Australia) (small hall), 21:30 **L'Atalante**, dir: Jean Vigo (small hall); 21:30 **My Favorite Year**, dir: Richard Benjamin (Australia)
Tue. 16:00 **Kadia Molodowsky Films**, dir: Ram Levy; 19:00 **Nineteen Eighty-Four**, dir: Michael Radford; 19:00 **Treasure of the Sierra Madre**, dir: John Huston (small hall); 21:15 **A Street to Die**, dir: Bill Bennett (Australia) (small hall); 21:30 **Target**, dir: Arthur Penn
Wed. 19:00 **En Passion**, dir: Ingmar Bergman; 19:00 **The Man in the White Suit**, dir: Alexander Mackendrick (small hall); 21:00 **House of Dracula**, dir: Erle C. Kenton (small hall); 21:30 **La Grande Guerra**, dir: Mario Monicelli
Thu. 19:00 **Doctor Zhivago**, dir: *David Lean*; 19:30 **La Vielle Dame Indigne**, dir: Rene Allio (small hall); 21:30 **Across The Pacific**, dir: John Huston (small hall); 22:15 **Yellow Submarine**, dir: George Dunning; 24:00 **That Sinking Feeling**, dir: Bill Forsyth
Fri. 14:00 **Giulietta Degli Spiriti**, dir: Federico Fellini; 16:30 **Les Deux Anglais** dir: Francois Truffaut

Wolfson Garden – Derech Hevron, JERUSALEM – Tel. 724131